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CASES

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(A BLONDE BEAUTY'S COURAGEOUS CONFESSION)

JANUARY 1947

GREENGLASS



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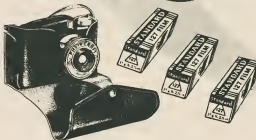
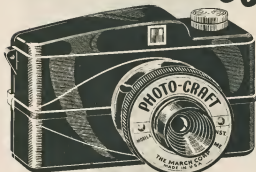
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Plus a chance to **WIN \$500.00 CASH**



PICTURES YOU TAKE TODAY WILL BE THE TREASURES of TOMORROW

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Yes, if you don't feel that Photo-Craft is everything you expected, you may return it in 10 days for complete refund.

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- ★ Genuine Prize-Winning PHOTO-CRAFT CAMERA
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\$3.98
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608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 3, Ill.

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- ☐ I'm enclosing \$3.98 in full payment. Ship Postpaid.
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*Bargains in Rings
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JANUARY,
1947

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ROBERT E. LEEVE
Editor
MELVIN D. BLUM
Art Director

HOW TO ORDER: Send style number and size of ring desired, together with advertised price. We pay postage—NOTHING MORE TO PAY (If C.O.D. postage and handling charges additional).

GUARANTEE: Every ring guaranteed exactly as illustrated. On receipt of your ring, examine thoroughly in your own home. You must be amazed and thoroughly delighted or return for full refund of purchase price.

FIFTH AVENUE JEWEL CO.
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THOUSANDS OF MEN NOW

Appear Feel Look
SLIMMER BETTER YOUNGER
 with Commander
 The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter



Yes, instantly you, too, can begin to feel ALIVE . . . ON TOP OF THE WORLD by joining the Parade of Men who are marching up the highway of happier living with the COMMANDER, the amazing new Men's abdominal supporter.

GET "IN SHAPE" INSTANTLY AND ENJOY A HAPPY STREAMLINED APPEARANCE

The COMMANDER presents the exclusively designed "INTERLOCKING HANDS" principle for extra double support where you need it most. It flattens the burdensome sagging "corpora" and restores to the body the useful invigorating feeling that comes with firm, sure "bay window" control. Order this new belt today and begin enjoying the pleasure of feeling "in shape" at once.

BREATHE EASIER—TAKE WEIGHT OFF TIRED FEET

The helpful uplifting EXTRA SUPPORTING power of the COMMANDER firmly supports abdominal sag. The instant you pull on the belt you breathe easier . . . your wind is longer . . . you feel better!

YOUR BACK IS BRACED—YOUR CLOTHES FIT BETTER—YOU APPEAR TALLER

The COMMANDER braces your figure. Your posture becomes erect . . . you look and feel slimmer . . . your clothes fit you better. Your friends will notice the improvement immediately.

COMMANDER IS NEW AND MODERN!

The absence of grating steel ribs, dangling buckles and bothersome laces will prove a joy. COMMANDER has a real man's lock type pouch, with front spring. IT GIVES GENUINE MALE PROTECTION. Try this amazing new belt with full confidence . . . and at our risk SEND FOR IT NOW!

*THE SECRET of the "INTERLOCKING HANDS" Only COMMANDER contains this NEW principle. A porous non-stretch material is built into the special stretch body of the COMMANDER. STRUCTURE is 13 to 14 INCHES HIGH . . . in the outline of two interlocking hands for EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT where you need it most. NO BUCKLES, LACES or STRAPS.



MAKE THIS TEST →
 WITH YOUR OWN HANDS
 AND FEEL WHAT WE MEAN

Commander Wearers all over America Say—

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

P. N.
 Fort Knox, Ky.

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had."

have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

Dr. A. M. S.
 Standish, Mich.

"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."

Dr. G. C. S.
 St. Charles, Ill.

"Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am well pleased with it would be putting it mildly—I can see that a little longer belt would, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feeling. I never miss putting it on the first thing in the morning. Enclosed is my check for another."

J. C. McG.
 St. Paul, Minn.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.



**10 DAY FREE TRIAL
 SEND NO MONEY**

Wear COMMANDER ten days FREE. If it fails to do all we say, send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

ONLY
\$2.98

SIZES 28 to 47

SPECIAL LARGE SIZES 48 to 60, \$3.98

↓ **USE THIS COUPON—
 SEND FOR IT TODAY**

INTRODUCTORY TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

WARD GREEN CO., DEPT. L-1611
 114 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days' Free Trial. I will pay postman the actual price of \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My waist measure, _____ My height, _____
 (Send string the size of waist if measuring tape is not available.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

C. Check here if you enclose \$2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund over bill.



"I sent back a sweet and gentle note, thanking him for the honor, telling him how thrilled I was and how I fervently looked forward to our life together."

(Specially Poured)

Her letter made him happy... he thought of a woman to come home to, a mother for his children... It was easy to write the check—made him happy to do it.

(Specially Poured)

An Intimate Confession of that Most Infamous of

Rackets—The One That Preys on Human Loneliness.

WHY should I lie now? I've got nothing to gain anymore. Maybe three months ago, maybe before I got up in court and heard myself denounced as a culture who preyed on human misery and desolation and loneliness—maybe then a lie would have saved me. But not now. It's too late.

We didn't start out with the idea of stealing. We didn't think it would lead to jail and disgrace. All we saw in it was a nice little racket—not too dangerous and with practically no work attached to it. And that's all it was—at first. Just a safe little racket. The way we figured it, the suckers who were sending us their money would be sending it to someone else, if we didn't cash in. It all seemed pretty harmless, and, in fact, on the penny-ante side.

It was penny-ante. That's what led to trouble. The dollars were only trickling in, so we started to figure

angles on how to get chunks of big dough. And once we had that worked out, it stopped being so innocent.

ID BETTER go back to the very beginning. To the day that I first saw the ad in the magazine, and doubled over with laughter because it was so corny.

Hal wanted to know what was so funny. Hal is my husband, and we were already married at that time. Probably I should tell you something about Hal, too, so you'll understand the rest of the story better... understand why he's such a weak sister.

Hal started out by being a combination hellion and rich man's son. His mother had died when he was a baby, and by the time they shipped him off to school he'd been wearing out governesses at the rate of six a year. The schools lasted only a little longer, and when he finally landed in Harvard, his past performance record

Misery and Hunger for Love.

was as shady as a jockey suspected of "pulling" races.

Fun and money continued all through college, and while Hal made a lot of contacts with the gambling and bootleg element, he never did learn that a college is a hall of learning.

Dartmouth was the last school to give him the heave, and when Dartmouth tossed him out, he gave up the ghost and devoted himself entirely to his true love—chorus girls. From what he's told me and what I remember having seen in the gossip columns of the newspapers, he went through chorus girls even faster than he went through governesses and schools.

And then the blow fell. The old man died, and Hal, instead of inheriting half a million bucks, found he was sitting in with a cold hand, because it turned out that the old man had been living on borrowed money. There were debts here, debts there; some went back three and

four years. There wasn't a cent in cash to comfort the son and heir.

In the end, Hal sold everything, paid off what he could, and started to look for a job. To him, work was a noble gesture, and he was ready to take a crack at it. The only gimmick was that he didn't know how to do anything. He'd have made a wonderful gigolo, because running around with women was all he'd done since the day they first put long trousers on him. But he had too much pride for that, and besides, the kind of women who could afford gigolos didn't appeal to him. Too old.

Hal got by by picking up a ten-spot here, a five-spot there. He'd win a little on the horse, he was still invited out, and he still knew people who were good for a touch now and then.

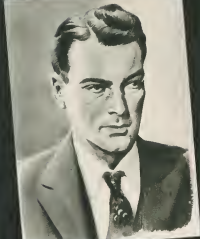
It was just about that time that we met.

Me, I was pretty much like Hal, I guess, without the

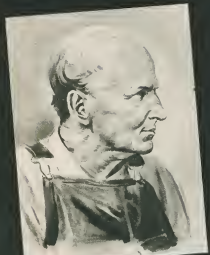
By SHERRY BORDEN



SHERRY had a wornout beauty crown and a yen for easy money. It was natural she'd fall for a drifter.



HAL was a rich man's son who, overnight became poor and had to think of working for a living.



FRED BRACKER was the most intelligent of the mail-order Romeo. He wrote that he was seeking companionship and a mother for his two young children.

fancy background. I'd moved into the big town full of desires and ambitions, with nothing on the ball but a wornout beauty contest title. And you know what that's worth.

I guess it was natural for a couple of drifters like us, both playing the same side of the street, to get together. So we got married. And at the time that I'm speaking of, we'd been married almost six months. The six months had been perfect—except for the money angle. Hal made a few half-hearted attempts to get jobs, and he did get them, but something always happened so that he either quit or got fired. We didn't worry too much. We spent what we had. There was always another job around the corner. The living was easy—but the corners were getting tighter all the time.

Then I saw the ad in the magazine. I glanced at it once, and then I read

it aloud. Strictly for laughs, you understand. I had nothing in mind at the time. It was a gag, that ad, and I was sharing it with Hal because it would amuse him too.

It was addressed to "Lonely Hearts."

"Are you lonely? Is there a lack in your life, a lack which can be filled only by a real live friend or sweetheart? Let us help you find real happiness. We give personal, confidential service to refined ladies and gentlemen, many with means, seeking congenial mates. Let us arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Write for details today. We will answer in a plain envelope."

The address was a post office box in Kansas City.

"Sure are a lot of suckers in this world," I said, tossing down the magazine. "People will fall for anything."

Hal nodded thoughtfully, picking it

up and sat holding the magazine.

Finally I laughed, "Hey, you aren't lonely, are you? You're not thinking of joining a let's-get-acquainted club?"

It was still strictly for gags, mind you. I was only talking, making a joke.

Hal nodded slowly. "Yes, I'm lonely. Lonely as hell—for a little fast money." He looked up. "This is a wonderful racket, Sherry. I bet these outfits do a land office business, with no more investment than a post-office box, an ad and a few sheets of stationery."

"There are six different clubs advertised in this one magazine. Let's write to them and see what happens."

I thought he'd gone crazy. "Write to them? What for? I've got enough friends. I'm not looking for any pen-pals."

"I know you're not, baby," Hal said patiently. "But these people are. And there must be hundreds... thousands of them. Send the club a buck, and in return they send you a list of names of members eager to correspond with a refined person of means, seeking real happiness! Why, a club like this is a gold mine. You collect the money, you send the list, and from then on you're out of it. Anything that happens after that has nothing to do with you."

"What could happen?" I scoffed. "A few letters are exchanged, a few ties are told and maybe once every fifty times a couple of lonely persons actually do meet and marry."

Hal shook his head. "No, a lot can happen. A list like that is a setup for a 'con' man, for example. It gives him a line on potential victims, on women who are so anxious for a little whiff at romance that they'll fall for anything."

I was to remember those words later, but at the time they didn't reg-

ister—that is, not enough to face me.

That day I sent letters to each of the clubs, explaining that I had seen the ad in the magazine, that I was interested in getting in touch with a congenial man, and what did I do now?

Hal sent similar letters. He wanted to make friends with a "real, sincere woman who would appreciate a lonely man, recently bereft of his wife." He gave another address.

WITHIN a week, we had our answers. They were all pretty much alike. Each club included a "membership form" to be filled out, which asked such leading questions as: Age, weight, married or single, what is your income, do you own a car, do you own your home, are you looking for friendship or romance, what sort of man do you prefer.

Each also sent a form letter asking for a dollar and explaining that a list of 25 names would be sent on receipt of the money, names chosen from their large membership list as most likely to conform with preferences mentioned.

Between us, Hal and I invested twelve dollars, and by the end of the next week, we had 300 names, complete with mailing addresses and short descriptions. I read them over carefully. One thing about them intrigued me.

"I'd have thought that most of the members were country folk, living out in the sticks, fairly isolated. But a good many of them seem to come from fairly good-sized cities."

Hal nodded. "I'm not too surprised. People who live in small towns have a certain amount of social life automatically... church affairs, and so forth. It's those who migrate to the cities and can't meet anyone who are the really lonely. You can be far more alone in a city the size of New York, where everyone is too busy with his own affairs to pay any attention to you, than in a hamlet."

I said, "What do we do with these names, now that we have them?"

"Those names are now the property of the Trusty Friendship Club. That's us," He paused. "Tomorrow I'll arrange to run ads in half a dozen magazines. We already have 300 names to begin with. Anybody that writes in gets on the list. That's the pretty thing about this racket. Anybody that writes in pays off and also becomes part of what we sell."

It certainly looked safe enough, running a "lonely hearts club." I didn't see how we could get into trouble. Neither did Hal.



KATHIE STANTON, Detroit corbop, who recently pleaded guilty to the charge of using the mails to defraud in her correspondence with "mail-order" sweethearts.

He said, "The club promises nothing but to put members in touch with other members. If one of them turns out to be a crook looking for a soft touch or a 'con' man on the make for an easy graft, that's not our business. We don't know anything about it. As a matter of fact, I intend to run a warning over the lists, telling members that we are not responsible for any statements made by correspondents, that we do not check for misrepresentations, and any presents made or money loaned for any purpose whatsoever is done solely at their own risk."

Like I say, we intended to stay strictly out of trouble, even if it meant passing up a buck here and there. If there was anything crooked going on, we didn't intend to have any part of it. We were interested only in selling memberships—at that time! We hadn't become money-hungry yet.

It took about two months after Hal put the first ads in magazines before the magazines were printed and distributed and the answers started trickling in. We had taken a post-office box for that purpose, so that nobody could tie us in with the club.

The first day I picked four letters out of the box. Three were from women, one from a man. Incidentally, that was something I found out immediately: The ratio of women seeking romance is at least three to every one man, if not higher. Some of them are widows, some are spinsters, and a surprising number are married women with husbands and families who are dissatisfied with their lives.

In any case, women made up the bulk of our membership, and I'm sure that's true of any lonely hearts club. And the things they tell in order to make themselves seem attractive is unbelievable. A man, an address and a declaration of loneliness from a complete stranger are likely to bring forth such information as the size of her income, how large a farm she owns, any expectations of inheritance and probably an invitation to visit.

Another thing I found out is that a great percentage of the lonely hearts members lie. I don't remember seeing a single letter in which a woman ever admitted being older than "the early forties," nor did any man ever describe himself as older than "fifty-ish." The heaviest women reduce their weight to "heavily plump," with a lovely complexion and beautiful, shining hair," and the most ignorant, backwoods farmer turned up "as a real he-man, plain spoken and used to the outdoors, but a refined gentleman in every sense of the word."

I suppose it's human nature, but there must have been a good many disappointments when and if the pen pals finally met up with each other.

Any scrapies I'd ever had about the racket completely disappeared as the membership grew and the dollars rolled in. And, I'd tell myself, there was always the possibility that we were bringing happiness and fulfillment into the lives of some people.

There was only one thing really wrong with the setup. The money came in dribbles—steady, but penny-ante. It was an easy way of getting by, but you couldn't do any fancy living on it. . . . That was when Hal got his brilliant idea.

He sold copies of our complete listing to mail order manufacturers. Most of the products advertised by these manufacturers in some way involved romance, and it was a foregone conclusion that the man who was "anxious to meet a congenial lady" would probably also be a setup to buy pills which promise to help the old boy love. And the woman who joined the lonely hearts club in the hope of snaring a husband would almost certainly be in-

terested in the numerous articles which offered to bring beauty to the buyer.

We never bothered to investigate the manufacturers, although I daresay their products were as good as anything else on the market. After all, if they'd been complete fakes, the government, we supposed, would have caught up with them for fraudulent advertising.

And then Hal began to get restless again. The cash wasn't coming in fast enough or heavy enough. Finally he came up with another idea. And this one wasn't so innocent.

He said: "Look, we know that at least 75 per cent of our members get taken, one way or another. Either they're gullible women so anxious to get husbands that they practically invite confidence men to fleece them, or gizzled old codgers looking for a pretty nineteen-year-old girl to be a combination wife, sweetheart, nurse and caretaker. After all, we get first crack at the names, and from the membership forms we can get a pretty good idea of what the setup really is. Why don't we put our own names on the list and pick off a little of this gravy for ourselves?"

I wasn't angry at his proposal; I was just bewildered. I said, "How can we run the club and be members ourselves, at the same time?"

"I don't mean put our real names on the list," Hal explained. "We'll take two phony names and two post-office boxes. You be Mary Jane, a nice girl in her middle twenties, looking for companionship and true love. You carry on a correspondence with three or four men, and let's see what happens. There are a hundred ways to get them to send you money. Either for fare so you can visit them and eventually marry them, or because you're broke, or because you haven't any nice clothes and you want to look your best when you meet them. . . . Once we get a chunk of dough out of the sucker, you drop him cold. You disappear. You don't answer his letters. For all he knows, you died."

I said, "Suppose he comes after me, looking for me?"

"He can't ever find you," Hal pointed out. "You're using a phony name in the first place, and the only address he'll have will be a post-office box. How can he find you?"

What's the point in kidding? I knew it was crooked. I knew it was out-and-out stealing, with a fancy twist to it. But we'd been on the thin edge between the lawful and the unlawful for so long that a little slip didn't seem important—then.

So I wrote the letters. . . .

THEY succeeded beyond our wildest expectations, because under a phony name, I promptly snagged myself four different men, each of whom told me I was the girl of his dreams.

Actually, I'd gotten many more letters than that, but



"A large man blocked my path. 'Where are you going, Miss Baker?' he smiled. 'Over to the post office,' I lied and crossed on it feeling escape. Mr. Miller continued to go stoically through the tollgate lies."

(Specially Posed.)

by careful analysis and elimination, we'd finally settled on these four. They seemed the safest, the best bets; they were situated in different parts of the country, far enough away from each other so that it would have been to a miracle if they'd ever met.

One was a schoolteacher in Wisconsin, another a rancher in New Mexico, another a gasoline station proprietor in Idaho and the fourth a Maine farmer.

To the schoolteacher I was a young girl, alone in the big city, shy, friendless and looking for a dream lover. My letters were wistful, between-the-lines attestations of frustration and loneliness.

To the rancher in New Mexico I was a married woman, unhappy in her choice of a husband, and anxious to contact a robust, not-too-young man, who liked fun and knew how to appreciate a woman.

The gas station proprietor and the Maine farmer I wrote describing myself as a widow living in a strange city where I knew no one. Life was hard, life was bitter. I worked all day and went home to my little furnished room and read every evening.

They all received photos from me—photos, incidentally, of a pretty but obscure little model which Hal picked up somewhere and had copied by the dozen. My mail order boy friends were surprised and delighted when they saw the pictures and wrote back glowing letters.

I was able to keep track of my correspondence and the lies I told by making carbon copies of my letters and keeping them in separate files.

Before I finished with those four, I tapped each one. The schoolteacher was the first. (Continued on page 60)

"DEAD or ALIVE" GET RAFI GRECO!"

By WESLEY GORDON

A DARK, short man in gray suit and gray soft hat strode briskly across the lobby of the First National Bank in Sutfield, Connecticut.

"Two dollars in nickels, three in dimes," he told Miss Mary Cheston, the teller, as he gave her a five-dollar bill.

She had handed him two rolls of nickels and was reaching for the dimes when the crash of shattering glass froze her hand in mid-air. Turning her eyes toward the door that led to the office of the bank's president, she saw a tall, powerfully built man reach around the jagged glass and unlatch the lock.

"Keep your hands where I can see 'em, sister," barked the man in front of her window, brandishing a .38 Colt. He raised his voice to include Miss Grace Walten, a teller at another window. "I'll blast the first one who steps out of line."

The tall man, wearing overalls and white gloves, who looked about 35, stepped inside the wicketed partition, a .38 automatic in hand.

"Step into the vault, babe," he growled, motioning to Miss Walten with the automatic. "Open that cash drawer."

"I don't know how," she said steadily.

He shoved her roughly against the wall. "I'm counting to ten, and if you don't open that cash drawer by

the time I finish you'll be ready for a coffin."

Pressing herself against the wall, her eyes found his trigger finger and riveted there. He counted slowly. At eight, he quit.

"Okay, babe," he said. "Guess you don't know how. Now just keep quiet and behave yourself."

Holstering his automatic, he moved swiftly along the counter behind the tellers, raking the cash into a money bag. In the vault, Miss Walten was inching along the wall.

Suddenly, the main door of the bank swung open. Miss Cheston recognized another teller.



J. EDGAR HOOVER, head of the FBI, described Greco as the nation's Number One desperado and second only to Dillinger in strategic and daring execution of crimes.



WHO WAS THE MAN IN
GRAY, BRAINS AND SPARKPLUG OF A GANG OF
DARING BANK BANDITS? G-MEN TACKLE ONE OF THEIR BIGGEST
QUESTION MARKS, ONE OF THEIR TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENTS!

"Good morning," her colleague greeted her. She stopped dead then, seeing the Colt in the white-gloved hand.

A tall, bulky man of about 40, who also wore overalls and white gloves, had followed her in.

"The bank ain't open for business yet," he said, chuckling. "You'll have to wait in the president's office." He motioned the woman to a chair within range of the Colt.

Miss Walten took advantage of this diversion. She pressed a button and waited breathlessly.

About a minute later a long, heavy blast roared like thunder over the town. The man in gray started barking orders.

"Let's blow," he shouted to his two confederates. Backing toward the door, he covered their retreat. He slammed the door shut and the three dashed for a sleek, blue sedan waiting at the curb. The car shot forward as the men piled in.

Miss Cheston and Miss Walten rushed out to the sidewalk. Both had the presence of mind to note the license number of the getaway car.

Within a few minutes the police had sounded an eight-state alarm. Thirty Connecticut state patrolmen blocked all roads with their squad cars and New York's highway patrol stopped automobiles entering that state. Police ranged along both sides of the Connecticut River.

Back at the bank, the president explained to a milling crowd of excited townspeople that he had been sitting in his office when the bandit shattered the glass door. Miraculously, he had been able to dart unnoticed for a rear exit. Making his way to a nearby 'phone, he called the town's fire station and ordered the alarm sounded. That was just as Miss Walten pressed the buzzer in the vault connected to the fire alarm.

New England's "white-gloved bandits," as the newspapers dubbed them, had struck again in brazen mockery of the police.

For months past they had walked nonchalantly into one bank after another, casually plundered the vaults and then vanished as though they were ghosts. By July, 1933, the mere mention of white gloves was sufficient to send the blood pressure of bankers spiraling.

No one knew then, of course, that the authorities were matching wits with the dark, pint-sized rogue whom J. Edgar Hoover later was to brand the No. 1 desperado of the nation, second only to John Dillinger in brilliant execution of crimes.



RAFFAEL ("RAFI") GRECO, leader of the White Glove bank bandits, who stayed one step ahead of G-men and police for four years and flung bold taunts at the representatives of the law.



From the huge records room of the FBI, in Washington, D. C., came descriptive aids which helped to identify and, finally, to liquidate the Greco gang.



WILLIAM YASILICK had the job of stealing cars for Grece & Co. He was just another tough guy whose usually vicious snarl changed to a whine when he felt a lawman's gun in his ribs.



FORMIDABLE LINEUP! G-men practice on the target range at the FBI Academy, Quantico, Va. All-inclusive training—physical and mental—makes the Federal investigator, America's greatest representative of law and order.

In Suffield, the bank president estimated that the marauders had made off with \$11,000. If it had not been for Miss Walten's courage, they would have carried away several times that much.

The wail of a siren heralded the arrival of State Police Lieutenant Paul Lavin of Hartford who took charge of the investigation, along with County Detective Edward J. Hickey, George L. Greer and Hugh M. Alcorn, from the state attorney's office, arrived a short time later, together with agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation from the Boston and New Haven offices. The day was July 21, 1938.

An investigator for the William J. Burns agency in Boston announced a few hours later that he was certain this was the same outfit that already had hauled around \$200,000 out of banks in Canada, New England and New York.

Moving swiftly, the authorities checked lead after lead. They learned that the license number on the get-away car belonged to a reputable citizen of Hartford, who had reported July 1 that his license plates had been stolen.

STATE Policeman Robert Erdin of the Hartford barracks 'phoned a few minutes later from Feeding Hills.

"We've got the bandits," he said, trying to still the excitement in his voice. "At least I think we have. Three men . . . one with white gloves in a hip pocket. We searched them but couldn't find the swag. Must have ditched it somewhere."

Erdin and State Officer Burpee of the Massachusetts police arrived a half hour later with the men. They related how the three had roared down the highway at 70 miles an hour and had plowed into a ditch to avoid crashing into the patrol car that blocked the road.

Called from their dinners, Miss Walten and Miss Cheston carefully looked over the suspects.

"No, they're not the ones," said Miss Walten.

The hours ticked away and still there was no word. By dark everyone admitted the bank looters somehow, inconceivably, had escaped the rifles, sidearms and shotguns that ringed Suffield.

Out of the maze of wild rumors, false reports and pure duds that flooded in during the night, one real clue emerged. Just how important it was to prove, no one at the moment even guessed. It came in the form of a roll of (Continued on page 44)

Hunting for a couple of murdering gunmen, Brooklyn cops prove once more that they belong to "New York's Finest"



THE KILLERS: Colman Cooper and Morris Cooper, brothers in fact and in crime, whose specialty was metal works plants, made the unfortunate mistake of adding murder to their activities.



SCARLET SEQUEL

by ARTHUR MEFFORD

GROTESQUELY, like giant gargoyles, the shadows danced weirdly on the walls as John Flut, 45-year-old night watchman played his flashlight on the great ore-laden vats and the massive furnaces. Outside the wind howled and moaned. It was bitterly cold in the outer plant.

For some unaccountable reason Flut had a weird feeling of being watched. He had seen nothing, heard nothing suspicious, but the feeling persisted and he could not shake it off. He had been dozing in the warm haller room in between his hourly rounds, and had roused with a start. So disturbed had he been, that despite the fact it was a full half hour before he was due to "key in" at fifteen designated points in the sprawling building, he put on his cap and greatcoat and started out, just to placate that gnawing inner sense of something wrong.

Now, as Flut stepped into the gloomy "pig room" of the Columbia Smelting and Refining Works, Brooklyn, New York, he was halted by a faint, rasping noise, apparently coming from the direction of one of the heavily barred windows.

He flicked off his light, listened intently a few seconds. . . . There it was again. There could be no mistaking the sound. It was the steady scraping of cold steel on steel; somebody was sawing the bars.

Flut unholstered his gun, tiptoed gingerly towards the window. As he neared it he could tell the glass had been broken out. The wind whipped in, in icy blasts. And, although against a street light half a block away, was the figure of a tall, overcoated and muffled man.

Flut slipped forward noiselessly, his revolver now in hand. He stepped to one side of the window, where he could remain unseen, covered the intruder not more than three feet away, and said:

"Put up your hands! I've got you covered!" The overcoated figure dropped his hacksaw and obeyed. And they stood that way several tense seconds. But the watchman couldn't get out any easier than the burglar could get in. How was Flut to effect a capture? He remained in the shadows trying to solve his dilemma. The question was answered for him in a blast of orange flame; then another.

"One of them stood guard ready to shoot, while the other made me lie down on the floor and proceeded to tie me up."
(Spectacularly proved.)

The man outside had a companion of whom Flut had been unaware. The second man had fired two shots blindly through the window. Luckily, Flut had ducked, but even so had been actually scorched by the twin spurts from the unseen man's weapon.

Then the watchman became aware of racing feet; he rose cautiously and peered out. Half-way across the plant yard he saw the two men, running at top speed. Flut aimed carefully at one of them and pulled the trigger twice before they rounded the corner of a small storage house.

Minutes later, after Flut had called Brooklyn Police Headquarters, a prowler car with two patrolmen and a sedan with three detectives pulled up in front of the place.

Quickly but quite calmly Flut explained what had happened, led them into the rear and showed them the broken window and the partly-saved bars.

The group then went outside and tried to trace the two burglars. Near the storage shed a few drops of blood told them at least one of Flut's shots had taken effect.

One of the detectives immediately called Headquarters and had broadcast an alarm for the two men. Hospitals and doctors were asked

to be on the alert for anyone seeking treatment for a bullet wound. But nothing came of the request. Apparently the intruder had not been seriously injured.

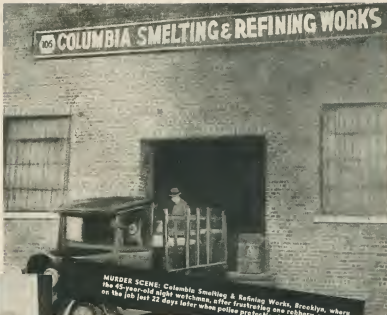
This incident took place on February 2. For the next three or four nights a policeman was assigned to keep Flut company. But then he was withdrawn and the watchman again resumed his hourly rounds alone. Flut himself made no protest. So far as his employers knew he had virtually forgotten the incident.

THEN, 22 days later, on February 24, the sequel to Flut's encounter was written in blood!

William Wyatt, a private policeman who protected the company's plant during the day, arrived at 8:45 A. M., as usual, to relieve Flut. He let himself in through the main office with his own keys, went directly to the boiler room expecting to find his friend, John Flut, dozing.

In the dark corridor leading to the "pig room" (the place where the giant vats of valuable metal were poured into moulds about eighteen to twenty inches long and eight inches in circumference), Wyatt stumbled over some heavy object. He switched on his flashlight.

Before him, gazing unseeingly at the ceiling, was his friend, John Flut. Even before he bent



MURDER SCENE: Columbia Smelting & Refining Works, Brooklyn, where the 45-year-old night watchman, after frustrating one robbery, was slain on the job just 22 days later when police protection had been withdrawn.

DETECTIVE LEUTENANT JOHN J. MCGOWAN, head of the Brooklyn Homicide Squad; Methodical and ingenious, he has the poise to outwit killers and the skill to outwit them.



VERDICT IS IN: Cabanes and Morris Cooper (latter looking bored with photograph) have just heard sentence passed on them. They were snugged just before leaving for Sing Sing in custody of Deputy Sheriff Shortell, right.

down to untwist the wire that bound his hands and feet, Wyatt knew that Flut was dead . . . murdered!

He raced for the front office telephone. Ten minutes later the plant literally swarmed with policemen, both uniformed and in plain clothes. They were headed by Captain John McGowan, in charge of the Brooklyn Homicide Squad.

A moment later an ambulance from Beth Israel Hospital arrived. The interne knelt, applied his stethoscope a moment, and announced:

"This man has been dead about four hours!"

"What was the cause of death?" inquired McGowan. The interne pondered a moment, then pointed to two small pieces of oxidized rubber which lay on the floor a few feet from the body.

"Looks to me," he said, "that whoever slugged him, did it with the butt of his pistol. Struck him half-a-dozen times—and so hard that he smashed his pistol grips."

An assistant medical examiner arrived a moment later and confirmed the interne's report. With the consent of McGowan, he ordered the body removed to the Kings County Hospital Morgue for an autopsy.

McGowan and his men then began an examination of the premises. There was nothing to show how the killer, or killers, had effected entrance. But after company officials had been called in it was determined that about \$10,000 worth of pig ore had been trucked away.

"Then," theorized McGowan, "Flut must have been

asleep about three-thirty or four this morning. It snowed for about an hour around that time so there must be tire tracks outside. Let's take a look."

McGowan and his detectives went outside, examined the lightly snow-covered roadway leading to the loading platform. There, still faintly discernible, indicating that the truck had been loaded and driven away before the snowfall ceased, were the treads of the truck tires. They were those of a popular brand of tires, apparently new. McGowan beckoned to Detective James Sloan, one of the aces of the department.

"Jim," he said, "this is going to be a tough one. Unless our fingerprint man can give us some form of a lift, we've got nothing at all to work on. Those tire treads might have been made by any one of a thousand trucks."

"How about the broken pistol butt, John?" inquired Sloan. "To me that looks like the best clue we've got."

McGowan took them from his pocket, unwrapped them from the handkerchief in which he had folded them away to preserve any possible prints.

"I'm not much of a believer in prints on pistol butts," he said. "The kick of the weapon almost always smudges them so they are valueless. However, we'll try."

Eventually, McGowan's pessimistic prediction came true. Prints were found of the dead man, of other employees, but none that could be identified as those of strangers. As for the broken pistol butt, there were

(Continued on page 58)

"She's here—sitting in my place—now! Better hurry.
If you want to get her!"
(Specially posed)

Murder goes



A W O L

This Careful Killer Wiped Away His Fingerprints, but When You've Just Committed Murder You Won't Remember What You Did and What You Left Undone . . . That's What A Shrewd Sleuth Was Counting On!

by **FREDERICK GREENE**

THE intermittent barking of dogs in the nearby, weeded lot rose to a frenzied cacophony of sound. It all but drowned out the hammering and sawing of workmen erecting a new home on Morningstar Drive, in Richmond, Virginia's exclusive Westhampton section. It was high noon, May 10, 1948.

One of the workers, measuring a joist insertion, suddenly slammed down his rule. "Those infernal mutts! I'm gonna drive 'em away before I go nuts," he growled to a nearby carpenter.

Easing through the unfinished wall of the house, he plodded across the field to where the pack of dogs were milling. At his approach, they scattered, watched him with baleful eyes. The sudden silence, in contrast to the ear-splitting din a moment before, became eerie. Windmilling his arms to further discourage the dogs into retreat, the construction worker suddenly froze, his eyes riveted upon a hollow in the ground. He moved a few steps closer, then felt his heart pounding faster than any of the hammers on the nearby house.

A man was lying on the ground, his face and head a bloody, shapeless mass. Instinct told him the man was stone-dead. He turned, ran to spread the news to his co-workers.

WITHIN a comparatively brief time sirens screamed raucously. Two police cars brought Captain Dan W. Duling, Acting Chief of Detectives C. K. Eddleton, Detective Sergeants C. L. Brown and F. S. Wakefield, and Sergeant E. H. Parker, identification expert, all of the Richmond force, hurried across the lot to where a group of awed workmen waited.

Captain Duling spotted the body, starkly outlined on the green undergrowth. He moved over swiftly, fol-



T. W. McCrory, druggist, a friendly man who liked people—beggars or kings. Ironically enough he met a violent death.

lowed by the other investigators. Silently the officials surveyed the corpse, noted that he was of portly stature, around five feet, nine inches in height, had sparse, sandy hair. He was dressed in a white shirt, brown tropical slacks, and an unquestionably new pair of brown and white shoes, the leather soles at the instep being clean and unmarked.

"Looks like a shotgun blast tore away the left side of his face," said Duling, "and the dogs and carrion made it worse."

Duling looked for some form of identification. Sergeant Brown swept the area with a searching glance. Almost immediately he saw something glistening in the grass just a few steps to the rear of the body. It was a line of coins, pointing almost like an arrow to the feet of the man. The total sum was \$1.75.

"This could check out a robbery motive," ventured one of the officers.

Duling shook his head. "Nope, don't think so. A man dressed as well as this one would have a wallet, I feel certain. There's nothing in his pockets but a handkerchief. Those coins probably fell out of one of his side pockets as the killer dragged him here."

Duling arose, surveyed the surrounding area. The lot fronted on Monument Avenue, which farther eastward was an unbroken procession of expensive mansions, dotted at the intersections by impressive monuments to

the South's heroes, Jackson, Lee, Stuart, President Davis, and many others. Just two blocks away Duling caught sight of the massive green-grey statue of Matthew Fontaine Maury, the intrepid navigator of the world's seas. But here there was only an occasional home to break the expanse of weeded and expensive foot-age, awaiting future construction.

It was soon established that the body lay exactly one hundred and ten yards beyond the city limits. As a result Henrico County authorities were notified. Pending their arrival, the Richmond officers scoured the area for possible clues. But nothing was

found. A trail of broken weeds leading from the curbing on Monument Avenue confirmed Duling's theory that the body had been dragged to its place in the field.

Questioning of the workmen at the new home brought nothing helpful. None had suspected the body lay in the field until their co-worker had made his gruesome discovery.

"Which means he was brought here at night," decided Eddleton. "You don't haul a body around during daylight without someone getting curious. How about the shell—anyone find it?" No one had.

A black sedan soon pulled up near



ORCHIDS TO YOU! Detective Sergeants F. S. Wakefield and Clifford L. Brown (examining slain man's watch) ran down clues, turned up the facts that resulted in the apprehension of a brutal killer.



JACK BUNDY JONES, youthful slayer, who took cold comfort after his arrest from the fact that he was able to boast: "I kept you scrambling for sixteen days before you got me."

the lot to discharge Chief of Henrico Police Wilmer J. Hedrick, Captain J. S. Sheppard, and Dr. A. P. Traynham, the county coroner. Captain Duling briefly gave Hedrick the details of the gruesome find, the fact that not a single clue had been found.

Dr. Traynham, examining the body, turned on his haunches and addressed the conferring officials. "This man hasn't been shot," came his surprising remark. "There isn't a single shotgun pellet in his face. There are bruises all over his chest, and his skull gives some indication of having been clubbed. The dogs might be responsible for the appearance of his face."

"Think it could be hit-run?" suggested one of the officials.

"No, it's murder. Those bruises are sharp, concentrated, profuse, like someone belted him unmercifully. And his clothes aren't torn, which would have happened if he had been whacked by a car and perhaps dragged."

Cognizant that the murder might have had its inception within the city of Richmond, Chief Hedrick asked the Richmond investigators to remain on the case. Ready cooperation was immediately assured by Duling and Eddleton.



POLICE GO INTO ACTION: While workmen from a nearby construction project crowd around the grisly find, police inspect immediate vicinity, ask questions.

BBROWN and Wakefield, homicide specialists for the city detective bureau, lost little time in getting into action. Playing a hunch, Brown removed the pair of new shoes from the corpse. Inside was the label, "Hanover Shoe Company," a bootery located on Broad Street, in mid-Richmond. With Wakefield, he drove to the store.

"We haven't sold too many pairs of the brown and whites because of this cool spell," the manager admitted, "but I guess we moved at least a dozen pairs yesterday. I can't recall anyone in here looking like the person you describe."

"Mind if I get your clerks together for a few minutes?" asked Brown.

"Not at all."

However, none of the clerks could recall a purchaser of the portly proportions described by the detectives. Brown and Wakefield were about to depart, when they noticed a young and attractive girl in earnest conversation with one of the clerks. The youth beckoned to them.

"This is my fiancée. She works at the Standard Drug Company, a few doors up," he explained. "She says that one of their druggists failed to show up for work Wednesday and everyone is beginning to think something is wrong."

Brown turned to the girl.



VICTIM'S HOME: "Doc" McCrary had an apartment in this house. A neighbor reported the victim had entertained two girls and a man on the night of his murder.

"What is the druggist's name?"

"Doctor McCrary—T. W., are his initials."

The manager, who had rejoined the group, suddenly exclaimed: "Doc McCrary did buy a pair of shoes here—three days ago!"

Brown and Wakefield hurried to the Standard Drug Company, sought out the manager, E. G. Smithers.

"Yes, Doc McCrary has been missing since one o'clock Wednesday. That was the time he was supposed to come in," the manager informed the detectives.

"When did you last see him?"

"Late Tuesday evening. He was off, but he dropped in for a few minutes, asked me if I wanted to have supper with him. He hated to eat alone, but I told him I was tied up."

"How was he dressed?" queried Wakefield.

"Had on a light brown hat, brown summer suit, and a new pair of brown and white shoes. I remember that because I kidded him about his outfit, told him he was rushing the season. But what's the trouble—has he been in an accident?" asked the manager.

"Worse than that," replied Brown, "Your druggist has been murdered. I think you'd better come along to the morgue and confirm the identification."

Thirty minutes later, Smithers took a single glance at the body lying on a porcelain table in the county morgue, then turned away. "It's Doc, all right," he said huskily.

The manager revealed that on



COOPERATION INVALUABLE: Capt. J. S. Shepperd and Chief W. J. Hedrick of Henrico County Police whose experience helped tip the scales against the murderer.

Tuesday night, May 7, between closing time at 11 P.M. and midnight, he had telephoned McCrary at his bachelor apartment on the Boulevard. "I wanted to ask him if he could change his shift from one o'clock to 8:30 in the morning. Someone answered and after I had asked for Doc, he wanted to know who was calling. When I told him he said 'Wrong number' and hung up. I knew I had dialed the right number, so I asked the operator to try it. But this time the phone kept ringing and no one answered."

"You're sure it wasn't McCrary's voice?"

"Positive. Sounded like a younger

man to me. I'd recognize Doc's voice."

Further questioning brought little of value. The manager averred that McCrary had only recently transferred from the Roanoke branch of the drug chain, and he did not know whether the slain man had made any enemies in Richmond. Nor could he give the name of a single intimate or friend beyond the employees of the store, who knew even less than he about the druggist.

Contacting Sergeant Parker, Brown and Wakefield hurried to the city's chief residential section, the West End. Turning left from Broad Street, they skimmed along the beautiful Boulevard, with its tree-shaded mall



ENGLISH TAVERN: Detectives learned that McCrary was alive at eleven p.m. on the last night of his life. He left this nightspot at that hour in company with two girls and a man.



NABBED KILLER! Officer C. E. Mize and Police Chief Floyd Smith of Fort Mill display the bloodstained suit found in a bus terminal locker. It was Chief Smith who spotted the mech-sought Buick and whose memory caught its driver in a lie.

dividing the rows of spacious homes and fine apartment houses. . . . Soon they had pulled up before Number 11. Parker, the fingerprint expert, nodded in greeting, followed them as they moved to the door of McCrory's apartment. The resident manager let the trio in with a passkey.

AT FIRST glance the well-furnished quarters appeared completely in order. Magazines were piled neatly in a floor rack. The shades were drawn symmetrically. A decanter of liquor and several glasses were neatly arranged in a mahogany cabinet.

Suddenly a curious hum was heard in the living room, then a voice speaking metallically. . . . "Car 18, calling Car 18. . . . Signal seven, 3514 North Colonial Avenue." The voice repeated the message, then closed with the all too familiar, "Time, Three-twenty-two."

The sleuths stared at each other. Brown walked over to a small radio, peered at it.

"It's set on our frequency, all right. What the devil was he up to?" Wakefield grimaced, shrugged. Dismissing his momentary surprise, Parker set about "dusting" the telephone, the radio dials, and other objects in the room.

Brown soon found evidence that someone had made a feverish search in the bedroom. Drawers in a spacious mahogany dresser had been pulled out. Swinging doors to a high-boy cabinet had been yanked open and left open, showing a profusion of scattered garments and male articles the bachelor druggist once used. However, it was the bathroom that most interested the detectives.

Lying on the clothes basket underneath the sink was a plain white hand towel; in the center of it were two distinct smudges of blood.

However, despite an inch-by-inch

examination, not a single drop of blood was found anywhere else in the bathroom and there was no indication that any had been cleaned away from the floors or furnishings. Brown and Wakefield were about to move back to the bedroom when they heard Parker's shout: "A little ray of sunshine in here!"

The slender, handsome identification expert held out an ebony-black ashtray. Lying in the tray were the stubs of six cigarettes. Two were ringed with a heavy, cerise circle—lipstick. Four revealed a single brand name.

"Company, and plenty of it—and yet this room looks like an ad from a furniture store. Neat as a pin," muttered Brown.

"Find anything on those whiskey glasses?" asked Wakefield suddenly. Parker shook his head. "Not a thing. The phone has been wiped off. No question about it. There are fingerprints all over the radio and on the doorknobs. I haven't given them a close comparison yet, but they all look like McCrory's."

"Phone wiped off, eh? Well, that shows Smithers had the right number when he telephoned—and the man who answered could be our killer. Either he was curious or he was waiting for an expected call, one or the other," ventured Wakefield.

Brown, using the telephone, contacted Chief Hedrick, who soon arrived in company with Captain Sheppard. Hedrick, listening to a recital of the sleuth's finds, roamed the neat

(Continued on page 51)



HUB OF INVESTIGATION: Monument Avenue in Richmond, Va., regarded as one of the country's most beautiful thoroughfares. Victim's house was near here and his body was discovered only two blocks from this point.



THE GAPING, TAUNTING HOLE
IN THIS JIG-SAW MURDER
ENIGMA WAS: WHERE HAD
THE VICTIM GONE AFTER
LEAVING THE CLUB, AND
WITH, OR TO, WHOM?

BY NOLEN BULLOCH

SATANIC SLAYER! Tulsa police called the actual killer of Fred Stahl one of the most merciless and vicious murderers they'd ever known, but here in custody of Deputy U. S. Marshal J. C. Pickens, he seems to be rather enjoying his notoriety.



TRAILING TULSA'S SAVAGE SLAYERS



GRIM DISCOVERY! Detective Bud Hollisworth points across the water-filled coal pit to indicate to Detective Fred Lawrence, Jr. (center) and Howard Gregory, chief criminal deputy sheriff, where Stahl's body was found. It was pulled ashore at point (foreground) where County Investigator Terry Benson stands.

VICTIM. Fred Stahl of Kansas City went to Tulsa on business—a trip from which he never returned. He was slugged to death, his body thrown into a coal pit where it was accidentally found.

DETECTIVE CAPTAIN GLENN ELLIOTT loosened his tie and wiped his forehead with a swipe of his big handkerchief as he sweltered in his office at Police Headquarters in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"Good Lord," he muttered. "It's getting hot mighty early this year." He glanced at the calendar on a corner of his desk. It read May 11, 1948.

The police officer rose from his chair, rolled up his shirt sleeves, ambled toward the window.

"Mighty quiet, too, for this time of the year," he mused. "Something's bound to pop, though. Something always pops in Tulsa in May. Last May that red-hot girl was killed. I wonder—"

His phone rang . . . Long distance from Kansas City, the PEX operator explained. Captain Elliott waited. . . .

"This is Mrs. Fred Stahl," said the voice. "I haven't heard from my husband in several days. He's in Tulsa on business. I wish you'd help me find him."

Captain Elliott jotted down her information. Fred Stahl, 50, well-to-do sales representative, traveled frequently in the Tulsa area, was staying at the Ambassador Hotel in Tulsa when last heard from on Thursday, May 6.

"Well, it isn't popping yet," Captain Elliott commented to himself as he put down the phone. He issued a missing persons bulletin and ordered a broadcast of a state-wide pickup for Stahl's 1942 Buick club coupe.

No reports had come in, however, when Captain Elliott took over his post the next day, on Sunday. He was not particularly concerned about the routine "missing"

case, which did not seem especially unusual, until—

"I'm Mrs. Fred Stahl," the woman said as she entered Captain Elliott's office. With her was her brother-in-law. "We just flew down from Kansas City," she went on. "I'm awfully upset. Fred always writes or wires me every day," continued Mrs. Stahl, who was neatly and expensively dressed. "He's a man who is always in the place he is supposed to be."

She explained that a business acquaintance of her husband had called her the day before, on Saturday, from Joplin, Missouri. He said Stahl was supposed to have met him in Joplin on that day; they had planned to drive to Wichita, Kansas. That was when she called Captain Elliott, she pointed out.

The captain uncradled his phone and asked the radio dispatcher to signal for Detectives Bud Hollisworth and Fred Lawrence, Jr. to report to his office. Within a few minutes they strode in, and Mrs. Stahl repeated her story.

"This may be something serious, although there's nothing to point to it as yet," declared Captain Elliott as Mrs. Stahl left. "Let's get after it."

Although a brisk hunt got under way during the weekend, Monday came with still no trace of the wealthy salesman. The officers had run into a blank wall as to his whereabouts after he left the exclusive Ambassador Hotel on the evening of May 8.

ALATE twilight was darkening about a water-filled coal pit which fringed Mohawk Park a few miles from Tulsa, as two fishermen were rigging up their cast-

ing rods that Monday evening, two days after Stahl had been reported missing.

As one of the men gave his reel a final twist, his fishing companion nudged him, while tensely staring through the hazy twilight.

"Hey, what does that look like near the opposite bank?" he asked, pointing toward the spot at the base of a low, steep cliff. Dropping his rod he swore softly.

"That looks like a head floating just under the surface," he declared. "C'mon, let's try to get a better look."

But the two fishermen found that it was nearly impossible to reach a point on the strangely formed pit banks where they could make a closer investigation.

"It may be nothing," one of the men said, "but I am for calling it a day and letting the police decide what it is."

It was nearly thirty minutes before the two reached Police Headquarters from Mohawk Park, a sprawling 2,300-acre playground belonging to the City of Tulsa and located about eight miles beyond the city limits.

After hearing the fishermen's report, Detective Sergeant Harold Haus called for Lawrence and Hollinsworth. Within minutes the two officers and the fishermen were speeding toward Mohawk Park and the nearby strip pits which blemish its beauty.

The police car was equipped with floodlights and, reaching the spot, the detectives turned a light in the direction the fishermen pointed. About 50 feet from where the party stood on the banks, the light picked out a body, floating in a nearly vertical position.

Hollinsworth stepped to the police car, pulled out the fishing equipment. Balancing himself, the officer, an expert plug fisherman, let go a long cast.

Fortunately, the very first cast hooked the necktie. Hollinsworth slowly reeled in the body. As it slid against the bank, the husky Lawrence and the two fishermen lifted it ashore.

As Hollinsworth helped Lawrence roll the body over, they exclaimed in near unison:

"My God, this looks like Stahl!"

A quick examination showed seven deep cuts in the top of the man's head. The victim's trousers and coat were missing. The body was clad in socks, shorts, shoes, shirt and the tie which had served as a target for the skillful Hollinsworth.

Lawrence immediately signaled Headquarters on his two-way radio in the police car to broadcast a murder alarm and renew the state-wide pickup for the slain man's missing 1942 Buick club coupe.

Hollinsworth ordered an ambulance

to the scene, and the body was removed to the Moore Funeral Home for an examination by Dr. J. H. Neal, police physician.

After returning to Headquarters to make a brisk report, Hollinsworth and Lawrence drove to the Ambassador Hotel, where Mrs. Stahl and her brother-in-law now were staying. Stahl's brother-in-law accompanied the police to the funeral home where he positively identified the body.

Tulsa's law enforcement agencies were on the move the instant the murder signal had been flashed. With Dr. Neal at the morgue were Investigator Tony Benson of the county attorney's office and Chief Criminal Deputy Sheriff Howard Gregory.

Lighting a cigarette after finishing his grisly task, Dr. Neal told the officers that three of the seven gashes in the dead man's head had penetrated the skull and were deep enough to have caused nearly instant death. The doctor estimated the body had been in the water for three or four days.

Stahl's brother-in-law suddenly inquired: "Is Fred wearing his diamond ring?"

There were no rings on the stiffened fingers of the murdered man. "Fred recently got hold of a three-carat diamond," the slain man's brother-in-law explained. "It was valued at \$3,000. He also had an ex-

pensive pocket watch and he usually carried a large sum of money."

When the officers returned to Headquarters, they found the department had been galvanized into action. Police Chief Roy Hyatt was in Captain Elliott's office, ready for a conference, as the officers entered.

"Let's hear what we have to date," Hyatt ordered. He frowned as his men briefed the story.

"Stahl," the chief told the officers, "moved in the upper circles in Kansas City. He had plenty of money. They lived in the ritzy Villa Serena there. He was widely known here as his business has brought him here quite often during the past ten years."

Elliott informed the chief that the pickup order on Stahl's 1942 club coupe had been spread to three more states, and Lawrence and Hollinsworth told how they had traced the dead man's activities up until Thursday night.

Stahl, Lawrence said, was last seen at the Indian Hills Country Club. The club is one of the city's most exclusive. It is located thirteen miles northeast of the city. Tulsa's elite dine in its paneled ballroom and dine on its lovely terrace overlooking the rolling green golf course. On the Thursday evening before his death, salesman Stahl had gone to the annual stag party at Indian Hills, given by JAMAT, the Jobbers and

Manufacturers Association of Tulsa. "Who's in that bunch?" Captain Elliott inquired.

"Reads like a social register," Lawrence replied. "We had made only a perfunctory check while looking for a man who was missing. Now," he decided, "we will backtrack to see if murder came uninvited to the JAMAT party."

Chief Hyatt ordered the entire police department into the hunt for the killer. Similar orders had gone out from Sheriff Garland Marrs, and Investigator Benson had been directed by County Attorney Dixie Glimmer to tackle the mystery.

The discussion was breaking up as the PBX operator began a frantic jangling on the telephone in Captain Elliott's office.

"Someone's reporting another murder," she announced excitedly, "someone's found another murder!"

FOR the second time within an eighteen-hour period; murder had struck in Tulsa. The body of an unidentified man had been found in a hotel room at 118½ East First Street, in downtown Tulsa.

"This man came to the hotel last night with a regular roomer," explained the hotel room clerk. "The regular roomer told me the man did not want to be awakened until one o'clock this afternoon. When I

couldn't rouse him by phone I went up and entered his room—and found him dead."

The victim's head had been battered—a fact which electrified officers because of its similarity to the Stahl slaying.

A report barely had been filed on the second murder when a long distance call came for Captain Elliott from Muskogee, a city about 80 miles east of Tulsa.

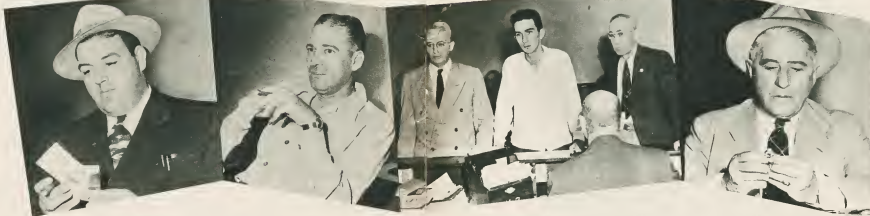
"This is Chief Ben Hays, the captain was informed. "I think we might have that car you're looking for in the Stahl case. We've arrested two punks that we found in it."

"Good!" exclaimed Elliott. "We'll send some one down immediately."

However, Tulsa officers dispatched to question the pair arrested at Muskogee failed to make headway in their investigation. For the car, although it was similar to the missing Stahl auto, on closer checking proved to be another machine.

The Tulsa police agreed to the release of the two men. However, since they both had criminal records, Muskogee police were warned to keep an eye on them, for they might possibly have some connection with the Stahl case.

ON WEDNESDAY, May 15, news of the second murder still was buzzing (Continued on page 47)



DETECTIVE FRED LAWRENCE, JR. and SUD HOLLINSWORTH, two young sleuths back on their jobs after army service, were assigned to the case. They recovered the corpse, made identification, ran down leads, questioned suspects and finally broke the case.

JOHN NOBLE (center), the Miller's accomplice, broke down and told the seamy story of a night of horror. He is shown in court. Flanked by (left) his attorney and (right) Assistant County Attorney Matt S. Simms, is the foreganger, back to camera, is a court reporter.

COUNTY INVESTIGATOR TONY BENSON is shown examining the \$3,000 diamond ring, which was missing from Stahl's hand when his water-soaked body was found in the coal pit. The killer had given the piece of jewelry to a relative for safekeeping.

TRINIDAD MARTINEZ

DESCRIPTION



Age 25, born July 29, 1921, Dragon, Arizona (not verified); Height, 5 feet 8 inches; Weight, 145 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, black; Eyes, brown; Complexion, dark; Race, white; Education, 10th grade; Occupations, laborer, machine shop worker and show card writer; Scars and marks, irregular scar center of forehead at hairline, pitted scars on right temple, small cut scar under outer corner of left eyebrow, 1/2-inch scar on bridge of nose, cut scar at base of left thumb outer.

ASSAULTING A FEDERAL OFFICER
VIOLATION OF THE SELECTIVE
SERVICE ACT

CAUTION! MARTINEZ IS ARMED

CRIMINAL RECORD

Martinez has been arrested in the State of California for attempted Grand Theft, violation of probation and escape. An indictment was returned October 17, 1945, by a Federal Grand Jury at Los Angeles, California, charging this subject as Juan Martinez Villegas with violating Section 254, Title 18, U. S. Code, in that he assaulted a Petrol Inspector of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, U. S. Department of Justice, On October 7, 1945.

A complaint was filed January 6, 1944, before a United States Commissioner at Los Angeles, California, charging this subject as Jose Trinidad Hernandez with violating the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940.

Fingerprint Classification: 14 M 30 W IMO
I 32 W 000

V. S. MITCHELL

With aliases: Ursey, Mitchell, "Beer.

DESCRIPTION



Age 32, born October 3, 1914, Strong, Arkansas; Height, 5 feet 6 1/2 inches; Weight, 145 pounds; Build, stocky; Hair, black, kinky; Eyes, brown; Complexion, black; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Education, 6th grade; Occupation, laborer; Scars and marks, scars on right shin.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID
PROSECUTION FOR MURDER
VIOLATION OF THE SELECTIVE
SERVICE ACT
CRIMINAL RECORD

Mitchell has been sentenced in the State of Arkansas on charges of burglary and grand larceny.

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on March 7, 1943, charging V. S. Mitchell with violating Section 408e, Title 18, U. S. Code, in that he unlawfully fled from the State of Arkansas to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Fort Smith, Arkansas, August 26, 1942, charging V. S. Mitchell with violating the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940.

Fingerprint Classification: 15 O 25 W 100
S 23 W M11 15
25
Ref: 19

FBI ROGUES' GALLERY

Pictures furnished by FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR

RULES AND CONDITIONS FOR REWARDS:

1. Communicate immediately in person or by telephone or telegraph to JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR, FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, Washington, D. C., or the nearest office of the FBI, U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.
2. ADVISE US IMMEDIATELY upon the identification of the wanted man through the COMPLETE DETECTIVE CASES FBI ROGUES' GALLERY. Application for reward must be postmarked within 24 hours after the time the wanted man has been positively identified through the COMPLETE DETECTIVE CASES FBI ROGUES' GALLERY. Send a copy of the letter or wire or the name and address of the official to whom you gave your information by telephone, and the exact time of the communication to the Editor of COMPLETE DETECTIVE

CASES, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. COMPLETE DETECTIVE CASES rewards remain in effect up to six months after the publication of picture, and reward is payable only to the person who first identified the wanted man, prior to his arrest from the photograph of the fugitive appearing in COMPLETE DETECTIVE CASES FBI ROGUES' GALLERY and gives the information leading to his arrest. COMPLETE DETECTIVE CASES reserves the right of final decision in determining whether or not the proof submitted by the claimant to the reward is conclusive to meet the requirements.

Police officers who effect capture of fugitives wanted by their own department are not eligible for COMPLETE DETECTIVE CASES rewards.

NOTICE: We will not disclose identity of readers who furnish information resulting in capture of wanted men.



GLENN HILLS
With aliases: W. Day, Charles Higgins, James Higgins, Glen Hill, Glenn Hill, Buck Jones.

DESCRIPTION

Age 36, born January 11, 1910, Adair County, Missouri; Height, 5 feet 11 1/2 inches; Weight, 175 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, blond; Complexion, fair to ruddy; Build, medium; Race, white; Sex, male; Nationality, American; Education, eighth grade; Occupations, tailor, coal miner, farmer, laborer; Scars and marks, 2 1/2-inch vertical scar left elbow rear and outer; 3-inch curved scar left elbow rear and inner; small mole 1/2 inch from right corner of mouth; Distinguishing characteristics, stiff left elbow, nervous type of individual; Teeth, gold inlay upper front tooth.

BANK ROBBERY

CAUTION: HILLS IS ARMED AND DANGEROUS AND HAS STATED HE WILL KILL OR BE KILLED TO PREVENT ARREST.

CRIMINAL RECORD

Hills has been arrested in Arkansas for violation of Internal Revenue Laws and in Tennessee for violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act.

A complaint was filed before a United States Commissioner at St. Louis, Missouri, on April 23, 1946, charging Glenn Hills with violating Section 588b, Title 12, United States Code, in that he did rob the La Platte State Bank, Le Platte, Missouri.

12 O 5 U 010 14

Fingerprint Classification:

1 17 U 100



RUBIE AVENT
With aliases: Rubert Avent, Rubin Avent, Ruben Avent, Ruby Avent, Rebin Avents, Resben Avents, Rubin Avents, Ruben Avents, Rubin Avents, "Nambay."

DESCRIPTION

Age 35, born October 15, 1911, Seaboard, North Carolina; Height, 5 feet 7 1/2 inches; Weight, 175 pounds; Build, stocky; Hair, black; Eyes, maroon; Complexion, dark brown; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Occupations, farmer, hodcarrier, laborer, stevedore and truck driver; Scars and marks, 3-inch cut scar right forearm, cut scar lower right side of forehead, two gold upper front teeth. Has speech impediment.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CRIMINAL RECORD

Avent has been arrested in the State of Delaware for carrying a concealed deadly weapon.

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Rocky Mount, North Carolina, March 14, 1945, charging Rubie Avent with violating Section 408a, Title 18, U. S. Code, in that he unlawfully fled from the State of North Carolina to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

13 M 1 U III 7

Fingerprint Classification:

S 1 U III

COMPLETE DETECTIVE CASES OFFERS A REWARD OF \$100 TO THE READER POSSESSING AND DISCLOSING AUTHENTIC INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THE WANTED MEN PICTURED IN ITS "FBI ROGUES" GALLERY," SUBJECT TO THE RULES AND CONDITIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



QUINCY KENNEDY
With aliases: Frank Fletcher, Quincy Gilbert, Frank K. Jones, Will Jones.

DESCRIPTION

Age, 51 years, born August 20, 1895, at Wylem, Alabama; Height, 5 feet 8 inches; Weight, 140 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, brown; Teeth, several lower right missing; Complexion, fair; Build, slender; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupation, cook, restaurant employee.

Scars and marks, dancing girl in red and blue ink tattooed on left inner forearm; scar lower left jaw; Peculiarity, drinks bay rum.

CONDITIONAL RELEASE VIOLATOR

CRIMINAL RECORD

Since 1917, Quincy Kennedy has been arrested in the States of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee on charges of Grand Larceny, Escape, Theft and Swindling.

Quincy Kennedy was sentenced July 2, 1936, to serve four years in the U. S. Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, and to pay a fine of \$2,000.00 for violation of the Theft from Interstate Shipment Statute. He was conditionally released from that institution on June 28, 1939, and a warrant for his arrest as a conditional release violator was issued by the U. S. Board of Parole on October 7, 1939, charging him with loss of contact and failure to report to his designated probation officer.

1 aA3e

Fingerprint Classification:

1 aA3e



ALEXANDER GEORGE PETROPOL

DESCRIPTION

Age 27, born January 2, 1919, Atlanta, Georgia; Height, 5 feet 8 inches; Weight, 135 pounds; Eyes, grey; Hair, dark brown; Complexion, medium; Build, slim; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, truck driver, drill press operator; Scars and marks, cut scar upper right temple, several fingers on right and left hands have been broken; Tattoos, scroll of flowers and word "Natalie" left

upper arm, heart, arrow and words "Pete" and "Martha" right upper arm.

NATIONAL STOLEN PROPERTY ACT NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

CAUTION: PETROPOL IS ARMED AND DANGEROUS. HIS WIFE, MARTHA PETROPOL, WHO IS TRAVELING WITH THE SUBJECT IS ALSO ARMED.

CRIMINAL RECORD

Alexander George Petropol has been arrested on numerous occasions for charges which include criminal knowledge and assault to rape, automobile theft, National Motor Vehicle Theft Act Violator and Kidnaping.

On January 18, 1946, a complaint was filed at Atlanta, Georgia, charging Alexander George Petropol with violation of the National Stolen Property Act. This subject is also charged with a violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act in a complaint filed at Evansville, Indiana, on January 17, 1946.

8 S 9 A-1

Fingerprint Classification:

S 1 Re-s

"NEVER KILL

A sixth sense told the actor that fate had caught up with him—fate in the form of brother officers of the mob he murdered.
(Specially posed)



A COP!"

A PREDAWN haze hovered over the New Jersey countryside shortly before five o'clock on the morning of November 3. Flashes of lightning made weird patterns in the sky as sounds of thunder rolled in from the west.

Two state troopers, Warren Yenser and John Matey, piloted their squad car along the New York-Philadelphia highway a few miles from Linden.

"I'd like to lay my hands on the guy driving that car," muttered Yenser, his lean jaws hardening.

Matey nodded, but said nothing.

Through the rear view mirror, Matey, who was driving, saw a pair of headlights, pin points of light in the distance, careening wildly and coming fast. Could this be the car back again?

"Take a look, Warren, this may be 'em coming," instructed Matey.

Yenser twisted in his seat and glanced back. The steady hum of rubber on macadam reached his ears.

"It may be," he whispered softly. "We'll know in a . . ."

The car shot past with a roar as the sounds of an overheated radiator cut through the still night air.

"Hear that hissing?" snapped Yenser grimly. "Let's go!"

Matey stepped on the accelerator, the squad car jumping as though propelled from a rocket. They could make out the dim tail light of the disappearing car as it bobbed and weaved along the highway a good half-mile ahead.

The two officers, their eyes glued on their speeding quarry, saw the needle of the speedometer slowly rise from 60 to 65; then to 70 and 80. Now they could see the other car coming into focus as the drama unfolded on the silent New Jersey road.

Suddenly they saw its orange and black license plate in the glow of their powerful headlights and then they were abreast of the car. Matey, his eyes glued on the road, snapped, "Give 'em the whistle, Warren."

Yenser raised the whistle to his lips, then suddenly lurched heavily against his partner, his head falling over the wheel. Matey, confused by the strange actions of his partner, momentarily lost control, the car swerving crazily off the highway. Just in time, he checked its mad flight as it headed straight for a telegraph pole.

Pushing Yenser away with his right shoulder, Matey shouted, "What's wrong, Warren?"

In the pale glow from the dashboard Matey saw blood coursing down his partner's face. Suddenly he realized

that Yenser had been shot. The roaring of the motors had deadened the report of the bullet.

Maneuvering back onto the road, Matey pushed the pedal to the floor. Precious seconds had been lost, but he could still see the dancing red tail light in the distance. Manipulating the speeding car with one hand, he loosened his holster and removed his service revolver with the other.

Again the needle rose with the rising crescendo of the motor to 80; then 85 . . . then 90. Slowly but surely, the other car came into view. Now it was less than 100 feet ahead and Matey snapped the spotlight on the car, making it stand out clearly in the bright glare.

Again the injured Yenser slumped over towards him. This time Matey pushed his partner back with his right hand. He gritted his teeth as he thought, "Is Yenser dead?"

The smashing of glass interrupted the hum of tires and motors. Someone in the other car was going to shoot through the rear window. Nothing daunted, the avenging state trooper nodded with satisfaction as his squad car kept gaining steadily every minute.

He saw a spurt of flame and then heard the metallic "ping" of a bullet as it smashed into his radiator. Grabbing the steering wheel with his right hand, Matey leaned out the window and emptied his gun at the car. But again Yenser fell sideways against him, causing the car to careen wildly for a few seconds. Fighting to keep it under control, Matey saw the car disappear around a bend in the highway.

Spying an all-night diner, Matey drove into the parking space with a screeching of brakes, jumped out and ran inside. The counterwoman, looked up in surprise as the disheveled trooper burst in at the door.

"Got a phone?" snapped Matey.

"Yeah," he nodded, indicating a wall phone.

"Take a look at my pal outside," said Matey, inserting a coin in the box. "He's hurt badly."

The counterwoman nodded and hurried outside. A few seconds later Matey was talking to the Elizabeth police.



TROOPER WARREN YENSER, victim of a fleeing gunman's bullets on the New York-Philadelphia highway, near Linden, New Jersey.

THE GRIMMEST AND MOST INTENSIVE MANHUNT

SINCE THE LINDBERGH KIDNAPPING — THAT

WAS NEW JERSEY'S ANSWER TO A COP KILLER

By CHARLES L. BURGESS



EDWARD METELSKI led the New Jersey police a merry chase, broke out of jail once, but in the end he walked "the last mile."



ALBERT "WHITEY" MORTON, known as an expert driver, was of the wheel when Edward Metelski killed Trooper Yenser.



PETE SEMENKEWITZ, who cost his lot with Metelski and escaped with the killer from Middlesex County Jail in New Jersey.

"There's a car heading your way. I think there're two men in it. It's a brand new Chevrolet coupe, yellow wheels, Pennsylvania plates, number D-C-two-four-oh. Rear window busted. They just shot my partner. Take no chances, they're armed!"

Breathlessly, he hung up as the counterman returned. One look at his face and Matey's fears were confirmed; fears he had hated to admit when Yenser's body slumped against his.

"Nobody can do nothin' for him," said the counterman.

Matey sat on a stool and shook his head, dazedly.

MEANWHILE his call to Elizabeth had roused that town's police force into early morning activity. Red lights flashed on all call boxes over the town as a radio broadcast the alarm to cruising prowler cars.

On the corner of Broad and East Jersey Streets was a call box used by policemen of two beats. Patrolman Alex Geiger was the first to receive the news. Carefully recording the details, he hung up after announcing, "Mike Morris is coming along now. I'll tell him."

Briefly, Geiger relayed the instructions to his comrade in blue. "How about getting that cabbie ready, just in case?" suggested Geiger, pointing towards a taxi and its driver.

Crossing the street, Geiger ordered the cabbie to run his motor and get ready. Suddenly a car loomed up and

came tearing up East Jersey Street. "Maybe this is it," muttered Morris, craning his neck.

As the car shot past, its radiator hissing steam, he exclaimed, "That's it! Pennsylvania plates and the rear window's busted!"

While Morris sprinted across the street to call Headquarters, Geiger jumped into the taxi and the car spurred in pursuit.

A RADIO officer sat hunched over a huge map of Elizabeth and its environs. With one hand he was making rapid calculations and with the other he was listening to Morris' excited report. According to the route followed by the Chevy, it was heading for Newark across the Jersey meadows. He felt, too, that the car was trying desperately to get back on the main highway leading to that metropolis and that if they stuck to East Jersey Street they could come right into it.

He grabbed the microphone and barked orders to all cruising patrol cars:

"Make for the main highway and East Jersey Street. Head off that coupe. Believe there are two occupants. Be careful, they are armed. Signing off."

The first prowler car to reach the intersection of East Jersey and the main artery leading to Newark was occupied by officers Keck and Carolin. Both men had their service revolvers ready for instant use.

The faint glow of a new dawn showed in the east as the two men waited tensely. A pair of headlights from an oncoming car flooded the darkness of East Jersey Street.

"That look like it, Leo?" asked Keck, switching off his lights.

Officer Leo Carolin strained forward trying to pierce the gloom. "Don't think so, Ernie, it looks like a big truck to me. Yes, that's what it is."

As the huge truck came abreast of the patrol car a smaller car shot out from behind its screening shield and whizzed by the startled officers. "There it is!" shouted Keck, hoarsely.

Carolin grabbed the transmitter. All squad cars are equipped with a two-way communication system enabling the men in them to talk to Headquarters and vice versa.

"Patrolman Carolin calling," he snapped as the squad car bolted forward in a burst of speed. "That coupe just passed us goin' like a bat outta' hell! We're after it. Now they're shootin' at us and I'm firin' back!"

The staccato sounds of pistol shots reverberated over the ether as the radio officer sat in tense silence listening to the drama coming over the airways.

"Keep after 'em, Carolin," rooted the radio officer excitedly.

Carolin paid no heed to the words sputtering over the speaker. Breathlessly he relayed the events in the same manner as a fight announcer

CHEVROLET COUPE used by Metelski and Martas on night of murder. Note smashed rear window through which Metelski fired.



FATAL SHOT came from this gun in the hands of Metelski. That whiskey bottle in the same hands told a story of its own.

gives the blow-by-blow description of a fight.

"Whew! A bullet just went through the windshield! Right between Keck and me! We're gaining on 'em. They're turning into Schiller Street now, heading for the tracks. Their goose is cooked, it's a dead end street!"

The man at Headquarters barked instructions over the microphone to other prowling cars:

"Go to Schiller and Trumbull Streets. Fugitives heading for railroad tracks. Be careful, Keck and Carolin are right behind 'em. Signing off."

"We're on Schiller Street," barked Carolin. "They're stopping. They know they're stuck. Two men are jumping out and running towards the railroad yards. We're getting out. Signing off."

Braking to a fast stop along the dirty, cobble-stoned street, lined with vacant warehouses and adjacent to the Jersey Central Railroad yards, the officers jumped out and leveled their guns.

Running past the abandoned car, they spied the two men making for an alleyway between two warehouses which lay directly alongside the tracks.

Spurts of orange flames and the ominous sounds of bullets whizzing within inches of their heads only spurred the two bluecoats on. Returning the fire, they saw the fugitives disappear among the long line

of box cars strung along the tracks.

By now countless other squad cars had arrived on the scene with officers spreading fanwise in an effort to head off the retreating killers, for now it was a known fact that Trooper Warren G. Yenser was dead.

A half hour later, Carolin, back at his squad car, called Headquarters: "Sorry, but we lost 'em. We've found a shotgun and two empty whiskey bottles in the car, along with a button. Looks like the button came off an overcoat because it's got some heavy gray material sticking to it."

"Good work, Carolin," word came back, then: "Bring in everything you can find for fingerprints."

RAIN had started to fall over northern New Jersey some minutes before. Men standing before huge maps, planning the strategy in this chess-

board game of death, knew that beyond the railroad yards were fields of wild weeds and that the ground would be muddy. Instructions were therefore issued for all policemen to be on the lookout for anyone with muddy shoes and burrs on their clothing and a missing button on a light gray overcoat.

Like a giant octopus, the long, sinewy arms of the law covered all railroad and bus terminals as well as highways, tubes and ferries.

The Chevrolet coupe was found to have been stolen the night before from a dentist in Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, Trooper Matey told of the circumstances leading to their first meeting with the killers in the abandoned car. Listening attentively to his story was Captain John J. Lamb, Chief of State Police detectives.

"We were (Continued on page 62)



clue of the

HOME-MADE BLACKJACK

BY C. V. TENCH

His assassins went unnamed, and there were no clues in this murder—except a blackjack. But the law triumphs in a manhunt that eats up many months and many miles to end—at last—and appropriately—on the gallows!

AS THEY knelt in the roadway at the side of the wounded man, Detective George Harvey and Constable L. O. Frost of the Alberta (Canada) Provincial Police were not only doing all they could to ease his pain as they awaited the arrival of a doctor and an ambulance, but they were also questioning him quietly, for it was obvious that at any moment death might seal the man's lips for all time. And although groaning from the searing agony of a bullet wound in his stomach, the stricken man managed brokenly to tell the officers this:

He was a taxi-cab driver, named Ernest Midwinter, employed by a firm at the thriving city of Calgary, Alberta, some seven miles distant. About ten o'clock that night he had answered a call and outside a Calgary hotel had picked up four men, all dressed in working clothes, who wanted to be driven to the small town of Okotoks, at the edge of the oilfields ten miles south.

The tallest of the four men had sat in the front seat with Midwinter, the other three in the back. At this spot the tall man had suddenly produced a revolver and ordered Midwinter to stop the car. Then, for no apparent reason and without the slightest warning, when Midwinter had stopped the car the tall man had cold bloodedly and deliberately shot him in the stomach.

All four men had then climbed out of the car and, with the tall man directing operations, had dragged the wounded, groaning Ernest Midwinter to the ground and, despite his gasping pleas for mercy, had bound his hands and ankles with thin wire. They had then dragged him through a barbed wire fence at the side of the road into a field of standing grain. Stopping only long enough to take all the money the unfortunate Midwinter had in his pockets—between fifteen and sixteen dollars—the four men had then returned to the car and driven away, callously leaving their victim to die slowly and agonizingly.

Somehow, slowly, painfully, Midwinter had managed to roll, crawl and gradually inch his way back to the



VICTIM: Ernest Midwinter gasped out his story before he died. "I don't know why they shot me," he concluded.

highway, where he had been found by a passing motorist. After freeing Midwinter's hands and feet and helping him all he could by placing a cushion beneath his head and covering him with a rug, the motorist had hastened to the nearest farmhouse and phoned for the police and an ambulance.

Midwinter ended with the tortured whisper: "But I don't know why they shot me. As they were four to one and armed, I couldn't have put up a fight,



"Ever see this before?" the detective asked. "So what?" Radko scoffed. "We believe it dropped out of your pocket when you were helping to wire the onkies and wrists of a dying man," Detective Harvey replied. "Got anything to say about that?"
(Specially posed)



MIKE RADKO (left), who fired the fatal shot, and BERTRAM JONES. Both men knew they were being sought on a murder charge so they decided to hide in prison for a short term. Their astute plan didn't work—the police lacked even their

anyway. They didn't have to shoot me to get my car and money."

Detective Harvey asked: "They weren't enemies? You'd never seen them before?"

"No," Midwinter said, faintly. The arrival of a doctor and an ambulance ended the roadside questioning but, despite prompt and skilled medical attention, Ernest Midwinter died in a Calgary Hospital a few hours later and the police found themselves confronted with an apparently motiveless and clueless murder case; a callous crime that was to later cause the Canadian police to join hands with the United States law enforcement officers in a manhunt that spread all over both countries in the weeks and months that followed.

AT DAYBREAK, accompanied by Corporal C. D. McWilliams and Constable O. M. Alexander, Detective Harvey returned to the scene. What they saw by the light of day substantiated Ernest Midwinter's tale: a patch of grain just inside the wire fence beaten down; the footprints of several men, but useless as clues because they had been partly obliterated by Midwinter's body as he dragged himself back to the highway.

And then Constable Alexander spied something trampled in the

UNUSED WEAPON: The killers, in this case, didn't use this blackjack on their victim. But police used it—the only clue—to help make a date with the hangers-on.

soft earth. Stooping, he picked up a leather-covered blackjack.

"M'm!" Detective Harvey commented as they carefully inspected it, "evidently home-made. But it wasn't used on this job; no blood; no hairs. Further, it might have fallen from Midwinter's pocket. Still, we'll have it checked for fingerprints."

"I wouldn't bank too much on it, though," Constable Alexander demurred. "Our best bet to get a line on the killers would be to have them found with the stolen cab."

In this the police were doomed to disappointment as, that same evening, the missing taxi-cab was found abandoned on a side road only a few miles away. The gas tank was empty and so many curiosity-seekers had climbed in and out of the vehicle during the day that it was valueless for fingerprint possibilities. Furthermore, no one had glimpsed the four killers. They must have got well away on foot under cover of darkness.

But the finding of the stolen car did at least indicate that the killers were still in the district. This was confirmed later that night when a resident of the nearby small town of High River, Alberta, notified the police that his 1926 Oldsmobile coach



had been stolen. At once a full description of the missing machine was flashed far and wide, the police adding that four men, all dressed in working clothes, probably were riding in the car. But High River was fairly close to the Montana border. If the four wanted men had managed to get across the line, it would not be hard for them to lose themselves in some American city.

In the meantime, other members of the Alberta Provincial Police, under the able leadership of Commissioner Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Bryan, were trying to pick up a lead from the Calgary end. But the taxi dispatcher who had taken the call for Midwinter's cab said that the caller had given no name, merely stating that he

would be waiting with three other men outside the hotel. But no one at the hotel recalled seeing four passengers get into Midwinter's car outside the building. All Midwinter had been able to tell the police was that one of his passengers had been a tall man. From the start, then, the police were handicapped by inadequate descriptions of the killers.

Up till now the police had kept quiet regarding the finding of the home-made blackjack, hoping that by cautious undercover investigation they might trace its owner. But when tests failed to reveal one clear fingerprint on the weapon, Commissioner Bryan decided to enlist the aid of the press. He therefore asked all leading Alberta newspapers to print a picture and description of the blackjack, in which a substantial reward was offered to anyone who would come forward and identify the weapon. But the papers were cautioned not to reveal where the blackjack had been found!

A day or two later, on September 12th, a man called at the head-

quarters of the Alberta Provincial Police at Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, some 300 miles from Calgary.

When ushered into Commissioner Bryan's office, the man stated that he was an Edmonton taxi-driver and gave his name as Jed Morton. He then asked to see the blackjack.

"After the reward?" Commissioner Bryan asked, taking the weapon from a drawer and handing it over.

"I could use it," Morton smiled. Examining the blackjack, he added: "And I guess I got it. This blackjack is mine. I made it myself."

"What?" Commissioner Bryan sat up straight, his eyes gleaming. "Why would you make a thing like that?"

"Well—" Morton hesitated for a moment. "Well, sir, last winter I was working alone on the night shift in a garage and I made this to have handy—just in case of an attempted holdup."

"M'm!" For long moments Commissioner Bryan eyed Morton hard, then: "Morton," he said levelly, "I warn you to be very careful about what you say. I want no lies, no evasions. You swear that this blackjack is yours? You swear that you made it yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

Again Commissioner Bryan was silent for long moments, then: "Do you know where this weapon was found?"

"No, sir."

"One of my men," Commissioner Bryan said, still speaking slowly, his eyes boring into Morton's, "picked this up on the spot where Midwinter was murdered last month!"

"W-what?" Morton's jaw dropped.

"Why, sir, I—"

"No lies, no evasions," Commissioner Bryan snapped. "Tell me all



ALBERT E. ALLEN: "I was in an it, but I didn't shoot that guy." Turning "King's evidence" saved his precious neck.



COMMISSIONER LT.-COL. W. C. BRYAN: This clever veteran's skill, his wise handling of his forces, and his ability to anticipate the moves of the killers brought the case to a successful conclusion.

you know about this weapon—and for you can tell me the truth!"

"Why, I—" The cable swallowed hard. "Yes, sir, I certainly will. You see, all us taxi men are worked up over the shooting of Ernie. We're sure with the police all the way."

"I was sure only the history of this blackjack," Commissioner Bryan said bluntly.

"Well, sir, in the first place, although this blackjack is mine, I sure had nothing to do with the murder. I haven't been ten miles outside Edmonton for months, sir; the books at the tax office will prove that."

"Go on!"

"I had the blackjack until August 12th, sir. I remember the exact date because I was moving to another room. The rent was paid on my old room until the 15th, and a young fellow I knew, Albert E. Allen, and two friends of his whom I didn't know, asked me if they could use my old room up till the 15th. They said they were broke and had no place to sleep."

"I said 'sure,' so they came up to my room with me to help me pack and move my stuff. One of the fellows with Allen—a tall guy—saw my blackjack, picked it up and asked me if I wanted it. I told him he was welcome to it. And that's all I know, sir."

All through the recital Morton's eyes had remained steady, and his story seemed so straightforward that Commissioner Bryan believed him. "This Albert E. Allen, d'you know anything at all about him?"

"Only that at one time he drove a taxi here in Edmonton."

"Could you describe any of these men?"

"Well, sir, the three of them were strangers to me, but Allen's sort of short and plump and always wears his hair kind of long and wild looking."

"Probably several hundred young men would answer to that description," Commissioner Bryan commented dryly, and terminated the interview.

But, actually, Commissioner Bryan considered Morton's visit the best break the police had had to date; for the first time they had a definite lead to follow.

A quick but thorough checkup revealed that McMaster had told a straightforward story. The next task was to try and locate Albert E. Allen and his two companions.

Commissioner Bryan stressed one feature in this manhunt. It is a well-known fact that when a man is experienced in any trade or vocation, sooner or later—especially if he is hard up—he will try to find employment at his own trade. With this

(Continued on page 54)



FRANK SCRIMONE: "We were making lots of money . . . and I wanted more. I wanted his interest in the business . . . his shore."



DETECTIVE SERGEANT HENRY J. SENFF solved one of Brooklyn's most appalling crimes—the planting of a bomb which killed three small children.

A DETECTIVE IS OFTEN SURE THAT A SUSPECT IS GUILTY . . . THE ONLY THING LACKING IS THE CONFESSION. HOW DOES HE GET IT? HERE'S ONE EXAMPLE OF HOW A MODERN SLEUTH OUT-THINKS A CRIMINAL

Streamlined

THIRD DEGREE

BY JOSEPH F. FISHMAN



CANARY STILL SINGS: The wreckage of the Falzone apartment after the blast. Canary miraculously survived the terrific explosion.

WHEN the public thinks of the "third degree," it conjures up the picture of a small, dark room in a precinct station, a perspiring suspect sitting under a bright lamp, and a ring of surrounding detectives, each holding a rubber hose, asking questions one minute and brutally beating their "victim" the next.

With extremely rare exceptions, this method of trying to obtain confessions or admissions from prisoners has long since gone out of style. Good detectives nowadays—and there are thousands of first-class ones not only in big city departments, but in smaller ones as well—use their brains instead of their muscles to find out what a suspect really knows.

Many of today's detectives are college-bred men who are experts in human psychology. Those who criticize the police for their alleged shortcomings would change their tune if they knew how many thousands of cases, in which peace officers were only able to dredge up the slightest evidence, had been solved by obtaining confessions from the guilty through the application of psychological pressure.

Detective Henry J. Senff, of the Homicide Squad in Brooklyn, came up against this problem of slight evidence, although morally certain of the guilty man, in Brooklyn's Falzone bombing case in which three persons met a horrible death.

The three were Mary Falzone, 15; Philip, 13; and Rose, 10—children of Joseph Falzone.

ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning, Mary had been sent to the store by her parents. She almost tripped over a black bag in the vestibule. As she was about to take Communion, she assumed that it was a present which had been left for her. She took it inside, laid it on the table and, watched by the excited Philip and Rose, pulled the zipper on the supposed gift.

The gift was Death. With a reverberating roar which shook the neighborhood, the bag exploded, tearing and mutilating the bodies of the three children and sending down a shower of powdered plaster, shattered glass, broken bits of wood, twisted metal and other debris.

It was a dreadful spectacle which greeted Detective Senff when he reached the scene of the triple tragedy. At once the idea of the Black Hand occurred to him. He questioned the agonized father, who insisted he had never received any threats or other missives from this sinister organization.

This, however, Senff found to be untrue, the father excusing himself for his misstatement by contending that he had been afraid to say anything, a contention which Senff well understood. He made this admission after the detective, following a diligent search, had located three letters signed "Black Hand" under the carpet on the second floor of the Falzone home.

The letters puzzled the sleuth because they didn't demand money, but merely threatened to kill the father of the three murdered children if he didn't return to his native Italy.

While Senff was digging deeply into the baffling mystery of who had sent the bomb, Joe Falzone, in fear of his life, sold out his share in his lumber business to his partners, Frank Scrimone and a relative, and fled to Italy.

BY SLOW and devious means the detective obtained samples of handwriting of every friend and acquaintance of Joseph Falzone whom he could find. These he took to a handwriting expert, together with the three Black Hand notes. Although the notes were in block letters, the expert expressed the opinion that they had been written by one of Joseph Falzone's partners.

"But," the handwriting genius advised, "I don't think you could possibly get a conviction on that alone, and I wouldn't want to be 100 per cent positive in testifying. You've got to get some corroborative evidence."

The officer began to "cultivate" the suspected partner, not as a detective but as a friend, going out with him in the evening, attending baseball games with him, lunching with him and generally making himself congenial, while, at the same time, studying the young man to ascertain some of his weaknesses.

He found one of those contradictory qualities so usual—and so puzzling—in human beings. Despite the fact that Frank Scrimone had apparently not hesitated to place a deadly bomb in Falzone's vestibule, he had in him a soft and sentimental streak which frequently made itself manifest, much to the detective's interest, although not particularly to his surprise. He had seen too many apparently conflicting qualities in other men.

He decided to take advantage of this one in young Scrimone. Secretly he arranged to have Joseph Falzone brought back from Italy. Then he asked Frank Scrimone and his partner to come to Headquarters.

"I've found the guilty man," he asserted grimly.

"You have!" Frank exclaimed in wonder. "You bet I have! I want you to see me go for him."

When Frank Scrimone and his partner reached Senff's office they were astounded to see their former partner, Falzone. They all shook hands heartily.

"There's your guilty man," Senff said, indicating Falzone.

"I tell you I didn't," the latter protested. "I've told you over and over again I didn't have a thing to do with placing that bomb there. Why would I want to kill my three children?"

"I'll tell you why," the detective asserted bitterly. "You wanted to get rid of your entire family so that you could marry that blonde you were running around with. I'll get the truth out of you. If you think you're going to play games with me, you're mistaken. Come with me."

During this exchange Frank Scrimone and his partner gazed from one to the other of the speakers in silent astonishment.



"I always hold up people in front of their homes—that way I don't feel obligated to give them corfore home."

ment. They watched incredulously as Senff led the way through an open door and followed Falzone through another one on the side.

The partners could bear the mutter of voices where the two had gone. The tones became louder. They could now make out angry accusations and equally angry protests. Then they shrank back as though they themselves had been victims of the blows as the sounds of Falzone being administered a terrible beating came from the room into which he had been taken. The noise of blows and screams of agony, followed by more shouted accusations and protests, continued for several minutes.

Then the door was flung open and Falzone staggered out. But it was a different looking man than the one who had gone into the little cubicle but a few moments before. His clothing was torn to shreds, his collar was hanging loosely from one button, both his eyes

were frightfully discolored and his face was simply a crimson mass.

But his helpless condition apparently instilled no mercy into the detective's heart.

"I'll get the truth out of you, yet," he screamed. "I'm going to give you a half hour's rest, and then what I'll do to you is ten times worse than what I've already done. I'll show you—"

"Stop, for God's sake, stop!" Frank Scrimone screamed, rushing forward and grabbing the detective's arm. "Please don't hit him again! He didn't do it! I tell you he didn't! He didn't have a thing to do with it!"

"How do you know he didn't?" Senff asked, still glaring at the shrinking Falzone.

"Because I did!" the young man shrieked hysterically. "I put that bomb there. I wanted to get Joe out of the country so that I could buy his interest in the business. We were making lots of money, and I wanted his share. I can't stand seeing him beaten like that. I tell you I'm the guilty one."

He staggered back into a chair and sobbed convulsively, while his astounded relative and partner, who had no hand whatever in the matter, could only stare helplessly and try to comprehend the flabbergasting developments which had come with such stunning rapidity during the past few minutes.

Senff made no further efforts to talk to the stricken man. Instead, he had another officer keep him under surveillance while he took Falzone back into the little room and had the "camouflage" expert remove the rouge from his face and the lamp black from his eyes, after which the victim of his one-time partner's cupidity put on the other suit which he had previously brought to Headquarters and sadly made his way back home.

It took brains to think up this kind of "third degree," brains and understanding of the little weaknesses in every man's make-up, which detectives like Senff study and use to the advantage of the police and the public and that's the kind of third degree which modern and enlightened detectives use. The "man-handling" kind has gone the way of the buffalo, the wooden Indian and the hoop skirt.

THE crime was committed on December 8, 1928. On November 12, 1931, Frank Scrimone pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, and was sentenced by Judge Algernon Nova to from 25 years to life in prison.



From East Side New York to Ohio to Mexico—the triple play of a slippery crook who made a specialty of outwitting the law!



ELI LEVENSON, who made a mockery of the law for so long, finally runs out of luck. A detective stands close by while The Eel is booked. When New York finishes with him, Ohio will take over.

BY DAVID CARVER

POLICE authorities in New York, Ohio, Georgia, Mississippi, Washington, D.C., South Carolina, and across the Mexican border are now aware that "George Miller," "Carl Frons," and various other names in quotation marks all belong to Eli Levenson.

He was an agile East Side New York hoodlum even as a youngster. He could jump into a truck and out again, always escaping with hooty, faster than any of his pals. If the driver or a cop happened to catch him by the scruff of the neck, he remained limp and meek only for a moment, then with a twist and a squirm, dodging the surprised captor's reach, he did a clever hit of broken-field running through honking traffic until he was safely out of sight. His partners in thievery abbreviated the Eli to the more descriptive one-syllabled "Eel."

In 1926 an accidental slip landed him in the grasp of a more experienced captor. He was convicted on a grand larceny charge and served a short stretch in the reformatory. As soon as he was released he made for Ohio where he soon proved to be a troublesome and dangerous young thug. He was caught on two successive occasions with a loaded gun and served time for each offense. Finally, in 1935, a Cleveland detective, good enough to be a professional sprinter, overhauled him immediately after a highway robbery involving gunplay. Levenson was convicted and sentenced to a term of 25 years,

a sentence calculated to find him less agile when he got out—at 50. For four months he was a meek and docile prisoner. At the end of that time he squirmed between two guards and scaled a wall. When he returned to his former companions in New York City, the fellows wondered at his bitter temper if one of them happened to sing "Beautiful Ohio."

The Eel had learned some valuable lessons by now. He was determined more than ever to live as he had begun, by crime. By now he had become cautious as well as slippery. Thereafter, he made a practice of salting away part of the proceeds of a job, so that if he stumbled into a rap again, he would have no trouble finding the cash necessary to spring himself.

A NEW YORK detective, Hyman Rosenblatt, was well-schooled in the ways of truck hijackers. He had heard of The Eel and knew a few of his occasional accomplices. In February, 1938, when a load of raw leather valued at \$9,000 was stolen in transit, Detective Rosenblatt went to the right places for information. As a result, Eli Levenson was indicted for grand larceny. It was only necessary to find him. Descriptive details, sent over the teletype, were soon acted upon by Washington, D. C., police. Levenson was picked up there, frisked of his gun and thrown into the lockup.

However, before a warrant could be served for his arrest on the New York

charge, his lawyer posted \$1,000 bail to let the gunman hop free of the clutch of the law. Money in the sock in this instance made it possible for The Eel to slip into and out of tight places at will during the next five years. He was collared again in Savannah, Georgia, in May, 1943. Police there understood that New York was eager to welcome the return of the native and promptly sent word. Levenson shadow-boxed with extradition and knocked himself out. In October he was arraigned in the Court of General Sessions and pleaded guilty to attempted grand

(Continued on page 59)



"Dorling, I have a confession to make. I've got a post."



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"—GET 'RAFI' GRECO!"

(Continued from page 15)

clothing, brought by a farmer of the district.

"Found these along the road down near the first pasture beyond the creek," he said. He spread out two pairs of overalls, two denim shirts, a size seven felt hat and a black and white checkered cap. The officers quickly noted that all identification marks had been torn off.

"They ditched the car, changed clothes and took off on foot across the fields," State's Investigator Greer theorized.

One of the FBI agents examined them minutely but his face gave no inkling of what he was thinking. "The shirts seem to have been laundered," was his only comment. With the consent of the other authorities he sent the clothes by air express to the technical laboratory in Washington where scientists have helped to solve more crimes than in any other one place in this country.

"It's a long shot," he said, "but it's worth playing."

Officers Emil Thor and Peter J. Lynch found the bandits' car the next day, abandoned only a few miles from Suffield. By checking the motor number they learned it had been stolen July 5, from a salesman in Hartford.

Police chiefs throughout the area, comparing notes on a series of major robberies, soon realized that the crimes all fitted the same general pattern—a well-dressed front, two strong arms in overalls, all three wearing cheap white cotton work gloves, and always first getaway cars stolen a short time before. That was the set-up for the Banco di Napoli in New York City and the Asbury Park Bank in New Jersey. It even looked like the white gloves' technique in the sensational Yonkers mail train robbery.

LIKE the other robberies, the Suffield case was characteristically lacking in clues. The stolen escape car carried no fingerprints, contained no telltale scrap of evidence against the bandits. Where, the authorities asked each other, had the blue sedan been for the fifteen days between the time it was stolen and the day of the robbery? Certainly not in circulation, they agreed, for an intensive search of all highways had been made the day of its disappearance. The only possible explanation was that it had been stored not far from Suffield until needed.

Acting on this hunch, officers inquired at garages in the surrounding towns, but with no success. Word got around of their search, however, and a nearby farmer tipped them that another farmer had rented his barn for two weeks to two strangers.

The latter farmer who lived near Farmington, Connecticut, was frankly scared and eager to prove his innocence.

"I grant you \$50 was a lot of money, but I just figured if when city fellows thought the space was worth it, who was

I to kick. I needed the money and, besides, they told such a likely story I never for once doubted it. Said they were billboard men and wanted to store their car and some equipment while they were working these parts."

His description of one of the strangers fitted the "man in gray." From several hundred photographs he was shown, he recognized only one. On the back of the mug shot, shown him by an FBI agent, was: Albert Clem, N.M.V.T.A. suspect. Those initials, the agent explained, meant that Clem sometime had been under suspicion for violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft act.

The farmer went over the entire transaction between himself and the strangers. "I do remember one of the fellows saying the last day he was here that they were going to Boston and New York."

It was a tenuous lead but the Boston field division printed up scores of pictures of Clem and sent agents to every railroad and bus terminal in the city. No one remembered seeing such a person. One enterprising G-man thought of the steamship lines and started to make the rounds. At the Eastern Steamship Lines, a clerk recalled Clem.

"He took a ship out of here just this morning for New York," he said. "I remember because he almost missed the boat."

When smartly dressed Albert Clem walked jauntily down the gangplank of the Eastern Steamship Lines in New York that night, he had a reception committee. Offering no resistance, he pleaded, with outraged dignity, that he knew nothing about any bank robberies. He cleverly acted and played the role of a conservative business man, hurt because suspicion had been cast upon him.

Returned the next day, August 15, 1938, to Hartford, he was hurried before witnesses to the Suffield and other bank holdups. If a stick of dynamite had exploded in the state attorney's office, it wouldn't have caused more consternation. One and all, the witnesses failed to recognize him.

There was evidence, however, that Clem had stolen the 1938 Pontiac sedan and he was indicted December 6 for the theft. He was found guilty and sentenced by Federal Judge Carroll G. Hinks to serve three years in the penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa. To the very last, Clem pleaded innocence.

BACK where they had started, with such flimsy clues that the case looked hopeless, FBI agents in a half dozen eastern cities prowled through underworlds of dismal flophouses, sordid dope joints, poolrooms, brothels and big-time crap games. The break they needed, however, came from the FBI's technical laboratory in Washington.

The crime scientists, in examining the desperado's clothing, discovered an in-

visible laundry mark. The agents quickly learned from the concern which marketed the mark that the symbol on the shirt had been used by a Hoboken, New Jersey, laundry. At the Hoboken shop, the manager quickly ran through his ledger.

"That mark belongs to a customer named Greco," he said. "Raffaed Greco."

But like all the other clues in this patience-trying case, the clue burned meteor-bright only to fizzle out suddenly. The manager could be of no further help.

"Sorry, fellows. So many customers coming and going; you know how it is," he said. "Can't remember a thing about him. He was a cash and carry customer, though, or we would have his address."

The Hoboken police, however, did remember a thing or two about one Raffaed Greco.

"Called himself Ralph Greco," a veteran desk sergeant told the agents. "He used to work somewhere down along the pier. First time we heard about him was about two years ago. He was a big-shot gambler. Spent most of his afternoons at the race tracks and they say he won a lot. Nights, he'd get in on some big crap game. But we never could pin anything on him, and make it stick."

The Hoboken identification records, which included a photograph, showed that he was five feet, nine inches tall, weighed 170, had slicked-down black hair and sharp brown eyes. Across his left arm, below his elbow, he wore the tattoo of a crucifix, and between the thumb and index finger of his left hand, an anchor was tattooed.

As special agent in charge of the Newark FBI office, R. E. Conroy, whose brilliance and dogged tenacity had trailed many a criminal to his hideout, took up the direction of the case. He had pictures of Greco rushed to Suffield for scrutiny by Miss Walten and Miss Cheston. At last the identity of the "man in gray" was established. Both the tellers agreed that he was Ralph Greco.

WORKING along Hoboken's teeming waterfront, Conroy's men learned from sweating stevedores that Greco—once one of their buddies on Pier 4—had vanished about a year before, just before the White Gloves gang began their depredations. One of the stevedores, however, had seen and talked with him only a few weeks before.

"Rafi was sporting a diamond the pin that'd knock your eye out," he said, grinning proudly. "He loaned me a hundred bucks. Swell guy."

Borrowing a chapter from Jesse and Frank James, Ralph Greco had scattered twenty dollar bills with careless abandon among his cronies. The agents sensed that even if they did know where he was hiding out, they never would squeal on him.

One bank after another, meanwhile, fell prey to the now familiar White Glove

that he had as deadly and nervous a trigger finger as Greco. By maddening work, carried on at a snail's pace, they learned all about Vasilick. To many it sounded like trivia. They found out he liked blue ties, blondes, rare Italian wines and cowboy movies; that he bought \$100 brown suits and \$5 striped shirts, that he trusted no one, lived in apartments, and always ate in restaurants.

Always ate in restaurants! That sounded like a good clue to the two agents. From the Newark police, who had picked Vasilick up at one time on a minor charge, they got a photograph and proceeded to show it to everyone from pretty cashiers in swanky restaurants to hot dog stand waiters.

At one restaurant they struck a gusher. A waiter looked at the picture between drawing a cup of coffee and shooting a platter of French fries down the counter and said, "Sure. Comes in here every night."

Together with the police, they staked out the restaurant that night. William Vasilick had threatened to shoot to kill and the G-men brought up an arsenal of Thompson sub-machine guns, shotguns and tear gas grenades.

A wan street light cast an eerie glow along the sidewalk as the officers crouched in the shadows of doorways inside eating dinner at the counter, were two detectives, laughing and talking as nonchalantly as though they didn't know all this was a frightening prelude to a showdown with a Greco mobster.

They knew he was Vasilick the second he sauntered into the dining room. He hesitated a long moment, taking in the place with darting glances. After that, he walked slowly over to the cashier, his cat-like eyes playing over the customers, and bought a pack of cigarettes.

"What's new, honey?" he asked, bringing his eyes to focus on the detectives at the counter. He spotted the unmistakable bulge at the hips.

"Nothing, Big Boy." She smiled, tossing him a packet of matches.

A cold, steely voice from him as he reached for the matches. "Don't turn around, Vasilick, and get your hands above your head."

He raised his arms slowly. "Don't shoot," he whimpered. "I surrender." In less than a minute he was surrounded by detectives, disarmed of his 38 shoulder automatic and whisked outside.

By the time he reached the FBI office in downtown Newark that night he had recovered some of his cockiness. He turned mum and wouldn't even tell the agents where he had been living. That was the night of April 7, 1942.

Greco sent word along the grapevine the next morning that Fanny Boys, Incorporated, never would take him so easily.

"Nails was yellow," he sounded off. "Me—Rafi Greco will bump off three or four of those pop-gun kids before they take me."

U. S. Commissioner Holland set ball the next day for Vasilick at \$25,000. Assistant United States Attorney Charles A. Stanzile handled the prosecution.

In searching Vasilick, the agents found a Selective Service card which showed he

had registered for the draft in East Rutherford, New Jersey, under the name of Joseph John Lawson. The agents also found a few dollar bills and a key chain. Two keys obviously fitted an automobile lock and one was for a suitcase or trunk. Another was the size that would unlock a house or apartment door.

"That's a duplicate key a locksmith has filed out," the older agent pointed out. "It's not the original."

The other nodded. "You know," he said, "Vasilick doesn't want us to see his place. Maybe he has some money cached away or, again, maybe Rafi Greco hangs out there."

While other agents hammered away at Vasilick with questions, trying to break him down, the two set out to make the rounds of every key shop in the Newark area. They showed dozens of locksmiths the key, which bore an identifying symbol, and were starting on their third day of pounding the streets when they found a key maker in the vicinity of Jersey City whose eyes lighted with recognition.

"Sure, I make it," he admitted readily. "See, that is my mark."

"Whom did you make it for?"

The key maker shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know, gentlemen. I keep no records."

"Is there any peculiarity about this key?" one of the agents asked. "Does it fit a house or apartment lock, say?"

"Apartment door, gentlemen. Most house doors have better locks." He scratched his chin stubble. "A new apartment house, gentlemen. Not an old one. None of the old ones have keys like this."

The FBI men suddenly came awake. They knew that few apartment buildings had been built in Newark because of war priorities. Heading for the city's real estate association, they compiled a list of those that had been erected within the last two years.

In making the rounds this time, they took care to see that their 38 Colts were loaded. For three days they struck one place after another off their list; it was the kind of boring, deadly routine that many a less dogged sleuth would have given up as a hopeless job.

IT WAS the morning of the fourth day when a terrified landlady recognized the photographs.

"Merciful heaven!" she gasped. "Mr. Romero lives in Apartment 7." Her finger shook as she pointed to Vasilick. "And, why that's—that's a very dear friend of Mr. Romero's," she said when she was shown Greco's picture.

She added quickly. "There must be some mistake. Mr. Romero was such a fine man; so polite and considerate and always paid his rent on time."

The agents exchanged glances. "We'd like to see Mr. Romero's apartment," they said.

The search of the musty, dark three rooms proved disappointing. They found only the usual assortment of clothes, cigarette butts and old newspapers but no money or letters. The place seemed utterly devoid of any clue that might point to the whereabouts of Rafi Greco and the landlady couldn't help them.

"He'd come in the evenings sometimes," she said. "Mr. Romero and him would talk for an hour or two and then he'd go away."

"Anyone else come to see Romero or Vasilick or whatever they called themselves?" asked one of the agents.

"No," she replied, then added suddenly, "Well, there was the girl."

"Girl?"

"Yes. A nice young woman . . . pretty in a way. She came along with Mr. Romero's friend some times. Not that she ever went up to Mr. Romero's room—I run a respectable place. She looked like a girl of breeding but . . ." The landlady paused a second. "But you never can tell."

The G-men looked at her quizzically. "What do you mean?"

"I guess I shouldn't repeat this but, well, I was walking past one of those awful taverns over in Long Branch one day, and I saw her and started to speak to her, but she didn't see me. She walked into it, just like a hussy."

The agents jotted down the name of the tavern and a description of the girl. She was dark, black-haired, about 23, tall and somewhat on the stout side. She had bobbed hair that fell to her shoulders, and everytime the landlady had seen her, she had been wearing a black skunk coat.

Not too hopefully, the agents went to the tavern designated later that night. In a booth by herself, sipping a scotch and soda and reading a magazine, sat the girl described to them. About an hour later, she paid her check. Then she gave the bartender a five dollar bill, whispered something to him and he replied in a muffled voice.

It was a dark, moonless night, and she walked. One of the agents shadowed her on foot while the other followed two blocks behind in their car. She went straight to her hotel, which was of the small respectable residential type. To the right, just off the front door, was a cocktail room, now closed. They watched her go through the small, dimly-lit lobby and disappear into a self-operating elevator.

Then followed long, weary hours of fruitless waiting and watching. At 11:30 the next morning they shadowed her on an evening trip to the tavern and back to the hotel. At dusk that evening, the agents sauntered by the cocktail bar and through the lobby staring up everyone. Both hesitated momentarily as their eyes rested on the back of a man seated at the bar.

Separating, both agents watched him covertly for a few minutes. Suddenly, the man on the stool swung around and glanced uneasily at the shadowy room. Was this man Ralph Greco? Had he spotted his pursuers? Was he surrounded by his mobsters?

Unobtrusively, one of the FBI agents made for the nearest telephone and later they met in the hotel lobby.

"I phoned Conroy that I thought we'd spotted Greco," the younger agent said. "He's sending some men out."

The older man frowned. "Must be Greco—same build, same height, swarthy complexion—and," he added, significant-

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vict," Haus continued, "who's been identified as the man who brought Barker to the hotel room."

"Did he engineer the Stahl killing, too?" asked Chief Hyatt.

"We don't know," Haus answered. "Over a hundred dollars was stolen from Barker, and some money also was taken from Stahl, besides his diamond ring. There may be some connection."

Chief Hyatt dismissed his men, and the hunt for the killer was relaunched with angry vigor. Newspapers carried descriptions of Stahl's Buick, police circulars were sent out in the entire tri-state area of northeastern Oklahoma, northwestern Arkansas and southwestern Missouri. Radio stations at intervals gave broadcast asking citizens to be on the alert for Stahl's car.

Tips began to pour in, and each one was followed through thoroughly by police officers and county officials.

MEANWHILE the investigators flung some questions at themselves, but they could not even guess the answers. Could Stahl's death have followed a quarrel which developed at the Indian Hills Country Club party? Or was robbery the motive?

Hollinsworth and Lawrence, two young detectives who recently had rejoined the force after hitchhikes in the armed service, had been assigned exclusively to the Stahl case by Chief Hyatt. They decided their number one job was to dig out the details of the JAMAT party at Indian Hills.

They contacted the JAMAT secretary, who agreed to give them a list of the members and guests at the party. The secretary said admission was by card only, adding that there were about 300 present.

Lawrence involuntarily whistled. "Quite a little task in itself," he commented to Hollinsworth. "But that Indian Hills party is the starting point."

For two days the investigators went about their task of talking to JAMAT club members. It was a stupendous job and one that demanded tact and diplomacy. The investigators were not dealing with the average suspect—they were talking to Tulsa's business leaders. Yet they knew it was not out of the realm of possibility that out of this group might come the lead that would break the case. Shielded by wealth and prominence might be even a possible killer.

Nearly all of the members knew Stahl. They remembered seeing him at the party. No, they couldn't be certain when they saw him—and none remembered his leaving. People were coming and going all the time.

They did determine that Stahl early in the evening was playing cards at one of the poker tables. But it was the same answer there. Players were constantly getting up, new players would take their seats, they would play at another table.

Several JAMATS told the investigators they were certain that Stahl was carrying a large sum of money. While admitting there was a bit of drinking, all denied there were any quarrels—that they knew of.

Then at the end of the second day of

the tedious task the wearied officers were electrified by the story of one of the members. From it came their first slender lead out of the maelstrom of inquiries.

"I had known Fred several years," Arthur F. Hunt, head of a large supply company, told the investigators. Then he unfolded his amazing story. He said that several months ago he had noticed Stahl's large diamond ring and had remarked about it.

Stahl, he continued, had told him confidentially that it was a "hot diamond," picked up in Tulsa.

Seeing the surprise on the faces of the investigators, Hunt succinctly commented: "I was as surprised as you are. Fred didn't go into details. He may have been buying diamonds at a good price and letting his friends have them."

Then Hunt supplied the first definite clue as to the time Stahl had left the gay Indian Hills Club party. He related that he had talked briefly with Stahl, who he said was drinking rather heavily, near the entrance of the club. He said Stahl then left.

"It must have been between 9:30 and 10 p. m.," Hunt decided, wiping his hand across his forehead as he concentrated on the night that Stahl so strangely disappeared.

On their return from Hunt's office, the investigators circled around Chief Hyatt's desk in his private office.

"You figure Stahl left the country club not later than ten," Hyatt tapped his desk with a pencil. "But he didn't return to his hotel, we know. Our next move is to check the night spots, the county taverns and the tourist camps. And," a frown creased his forehead, "let's contact some towns in the territory Stahl visited such as Kansas City, Joplin and Wichita on this diamond angle. Diamonds, hot or cold, can lead to death."

Although Oklahoma is a dry state, the oil metropolis of Tulsa is dotted with night clubs. During the war years taverns had mushroomed along U. S. Highway 66 and State Highway 33, the roads leading into Tulsa from Indian Hills Country Club. Beer is legal in the state, and it is no secret that bootleggers flourish in the vicinity of the night spots. Many of the taverns are known to sell liquor.

Lawrence and Hollinsworth started their check from the wide gates of Indian Hills Club. They combed Highway 66 into Tulsa; they retraced Highway 33; they visited clubs a short distance off the highways; they didn't miss a tourist camp.

Stahl, they learned, was known in several of the better-class night clubs. But he hadn't been seen the night of May 9.

At a tavern at the intersection of 33 and 66, just a few miles from Indian Hills, a barmaid stared long at a picture of Stahl. She thought she remembered seeing him in the tavern drinking beer, but she couldn't be sure.

AFTER their return from the night club canvass, Hollinsworth and Lawrence entered Headquarters, but were stopped by a call from Detective Burg Hughes, a veteran homicide investigator.

soon interposed: "Do you think Stahl could have been involved in a hot jewel ring?"

"What do you mean?" she spoke hoarsely.

"Did you know that diamond he wore was a hot ring?" the officer asked.

Mrs. Sanders sighed with relief. Then she laughed nervously. "I see now." A smile broke over her face. "I gave Fred that diamond ring. Because of its size it attracted a lot of attention, so Fred made up that story that he had gotten it that way."

The investigators, in turn, felt let down as the woman produced receipts showing purchase of the ring. The lead they had hoped would bear results was wiped away. If Mrs. Sanders' story were true, and they had no doubt it was, then Stahl's story of having bought a "hot diamond" ring was merely one of his own creation.

PULLING into Tulsa the next day, Lawrence and Holmsworth rushed to Police Headquarters to learn if any new clues had been uncovered in the case.

"Not much, boys," Captain Elliott discouraged them. "No sign of the ex-convict yet, although I'm beginning to doubt now that he committed the Stahl murder as well as the Barker slaying. Too many people saw him in other places the night Stahl was killed. But a lot of tips came in while you were gone, and I saved them all for you to investigate personally."

Captain Elliott handed Lawrence a sheaf of note cards. Lawrence thumbed through them, a little discouraged. More than a week had passed since Stahl's death. In that period the police, sheriff's office and county attorney's staff had talked to nearly 500 persons—and had learned practically nothing to throw light on the mystery of the Kansas City salesman's death.

Suddenly Lawrence pulled out one of the note cards.

"Mrs. Clara Tymie," he read, almost to himself, "reports she saw a car similar to Stahl's drive into the driveway near her home the night after the Indian Hills Club party. Neighbor, Bob Lee Cartwright, got out."

"Let's check his rap sheet before we get started on these other tips," suggested Holmsworth.

The two quickly stepped into the records room. They found that Cartwright, 38, had a record a mile long—but he had kept out of trouble in Tulsa. The rap sheet showed that he had served four prison terms, two in Oklahoma, one in Arkansas and one at Leavenworth, Kansas, three of them for burglaries. He had been picked up in Tulsa only for questioning in minor offenses.

"Well, let's go see Mrs. Tymie, anyway," said Holmsworth, and he and his partner set out for the courthouse to pick up Chief Criminal Deputy Sheriff Gregory. Then they drove to Mrs. Tymie's home.

"There may not be anything to this," apologized the woman, "but the night after the party at the country club, this Buick drove up into the driveway. Bob got out and went to the house next door and knocked. But no one was there. There was someone else in the car, but he was asleep."

"Before Bob got out of the car he called 'John,' but the man didn't answer. When Bob got back in the car he shook the man but he didn't wake up," she finished.

The officers stepped to the house indicated by Mrs. Tymie. A woman answered their knock. She told them that she hadn't seen Bob Cartwright in months. She said they were away from Tulsa on May 10.

Learning the address of Cartwright's parents, the investigators went to their house, but could learn nothing. As they were leaving the yard, however, they noticed two small girls who apparently were returning home from school. The officers decided to talk with the children the next day.

Gregory and Lawrence, with Benson and Holmsworth, drove to Springdale Grade School, which the girls attended. The principal asked his secretary to summon the children.

From the youngsters' lips poured the story that Bob Cartwright had been around Tulsa for several weeks up until the last few days.

"He had a big car and a big ring and a lot of money," the children smiled, "because he gave us some money to buy candy."

Back at the home of Cartwright's parents, the officers this time talked to Bob Cartwright's mother. She told them that her son had been gone only a few days. But she knew nothing of his driving a car or wearing a large diamond ring. She declared the only "John" she knew was "a young fellow just out of the army." She believed his name was "Nogales."

Hunting feverishly, the officers quickly learned that Cartwright had been in his Tulsa haunts around May 9, but had not been seen since. However, records failed to reveal a "Nogales," and directories were blank as to anyone suspicious by that name.

Then came a tip that Cartwright had been seen in the vicinity of Yonkers Ferry on the edge of Wagoner county, east of Tulsa. The officers organized a posse and began scouring the area.

Just as the possmen were obtaining definite proof that Cartwright was, or recently had been, in the hills they were searching, a long distance call came through for Gregory. After talking to Tulsa, the deputy sheriff turned to members of the party.

"Now what?" he asked helplessly. He told the men that Sheriff Frank Biagne of Galveston, Texas, had called to advise that Stahl's missing car had been found in an isolated swamp. Two men had seen it burning May 17, but had not reported it for several days. Galveston officers had checked the engine serial numbers and they matched those of the Stahl Buick.

"Well, we've been hot on the wrong trail," declared Gregory as he prepared to lead his posse back to Tulsa. "We're nearly certain that Cartwright has been hiding in these hills for some time. Yet if Stahl's car turns up in Texas, it would seem we've been tracking the wrong man."

Back in Tulsa, however, the discouraged officers felt their hopes boosted as

they picked up two leads. They learned that Cartwright had worked for months in the Galveston shipyards, and that the mysterious "John" was John Noble, whose home was at Leach, Oklahoma.

Holmsworth and Lawrence made a quick run to Leach, where they learned that 22-year-old John Noble recently had been discharged from the army and was in California. But he had been in Tulsa for several weeks.

ON MAY 23 a murder charge was filed in Tulsa district court against Bob Lee Cartwright and John Noble. After a nation-wide manhunt Noble was picked up in Stockton, California, on Saturday, May 25. The next day Cartwright, through negotiations by his attorney with Tulsa police officers, was arrested on a lonely creek bank in Wagoner County.

Without giving away a single detail of the slaying, Cartwright pleaded guilty on June 7 and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at McAlester by District Judge Harry L. S. Halley.

Noble, however, broke down under the quizzing of the officials. His face chalky white, he poured out a story so brutal and fantastic that even the case-hardened investigators flinched.

He and Cartwright had been drinking, he related, the night they found Stahl slumped in his car on the highway not far from Indian Hills Country Club. After Cartwright slugged the man hunched over the wheel, the pair took him to a deserted farmhouse several miles away.

"Bob grabbed a tire tool and beat the man over the head several times, then we threw him on the floor of the farmhouse," Noble continued. "Then we drove into Tulsa, but Bob decided we had better go back and see if we really knocked the man off. When we got back to the farmhouse he was gone."

Noble told how the murderous pair turned back toward the huge Douglas Aircraft plant near Tulsa. They noticed a man walking down the middle of the road, trying to flag down the car.

"We saw it was the same man we had left in the vacant house," Noble said. "Bob grabbed a heavy lug wrench and hit the man like he was going to knock the side of a barn down. Just lifted his right leg up and acted like he was hitting a baseball or something."

Then Cartwright and Noble tied a rope around Stahl's body, anchored it with a rock, and threw it into the strip pit near Mohawk Park, Noble confessed. The next day they drove to Texas, where they burned the car. Cartwright then returned to Oklahoma, while Noble fled to California.

Noble pleaded guilty June 14, and like his co-partner in one of the most brutal and baffling killings in the history of the southwest, received a life sentence to McAlester.

Mrs. Clara Tymie, Mrs. Ethel Sanders, Arthur F. Hunt, Tom Wilson, and Ann Weston, are fictitious names used to protect the identity of innocent persons involved in the investigation.

but none could recall with any degree of certainty his presence on Tuesday evening the estimated day of the murder.

"I still say he picked up either a man or a woman in some restaurant," insisted Wakefield. "He was new to Richmond, and it's unlikely that he had made a circle of acquaintances. And where does a lonely guy usually get company in Richmond—"

"Wake, don't try to pretend you haven't been around enough to know there aren't any bars or taxi-dance places here," grinned Brown.

"Cut the kidding, Brownie. You know where most of the pick-ups take place—the bus stations and some of the sandwich and eating places. Lonesome men and lonesome women, either traveling or on the way home from a dull job. That's the way it happens. And a cheerful, good Samaritan like McCrory would have no trouble at all meeting someone in those spots." Brown quickly agreed there was some logic in his reasoning.

Accordingly the sleuths began a painstaking canvass of all of the bus terminals and the restaurants where they knew a free-and-easy camaraderie prevailed. For over three hours the move drew a complete blank. Then, at a twin-entrance restaurant on Second Street, they got their first nibble.

"Sure, I remember this big guy whose picture was in the papers," a pretty waitress assured them. "I couldn't believe my eyes when I read he had been murdered."

"Can you remember when he ate in here last?" broke in Brown impatiently.

"Oh, I know it was at least three or four nights ago, either Monday or Tuesday," she replied.

The two investigators tensed. "Was he in here alone?" prodded Brown.

"At first he was. But he must have stayed in here about two hours, and when he left he was with another man, a girl and a young fellow. They had all been drinking beer before they left."

"Sure there weren't two girls in the party?" demanded Wakefield.

The girl shrugged. "Maybe. I only remember one."

"Know any of them?"

"Sure. I knew the fellow with the girl—not the other one. His name is Chuck Beale. Works over at the Lucky Strike plant."

"Did you know the girl?"

"I don't know her name, but she comes in here sometimes."

"And how was the other fellow dressed?"

"He had on a pair of white pants, like sailor pants, and yellowish-white polo shirt, with no tie. Good-looking kid with curly black hair."

"Any of these people been in here since you saw them with McCrory?" asked Brown.

The girl shook her head.

Without undue difficulty the sleuths soon found Chuck Beale.

"I was shocked to hear about that old fellow's murder," said Beale, "but I don't know when or how it happened. The way I got together with him in the restaurant was like this: I came in with my girl friend. We were looking for a booth in

the place; it was kind of crowded. I noticed this fellow beckon to me; he was sitting all alone. We went over and he invited us to sit in his booth, which we did. He was an interesting talker, and I remember that when he began talking about the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Endless Caverns, some young fellow dressed in sport clothes at the counter spoke up and contradicted something McCrory had said. McCrory smiled at him, invited him over. We stayed—"

"Did this other fellow offer him his name?" inquired Brown.

"He might have, but if he did I don't remember it. I do recall that he said he had been stationed at Camp Peary but had just been discharged and was on his way home to South Carolina."

"Then those white pants he wore must have been part of his sailor's uniform," ruminated Wakefield.

"Okay, what happened after that?" urged Brown.

"Well, McCrory invites all of us up to his apartment for a drink. On the way we pick up my girl friend's sister, who is getting off from work at the telephone company. When we get to the apartment, McCrory finds he has only a little liquor left, so he sends the young fellow out with some money and the keys to his car to go to the ABC store (State liquor store) for a couple of bottles. McCrory tunes in his radio to police calls. He told me that he got a big kick out of listening to what went on behind the scenes in the city. I told him I used to listen to the calls, too, on Saturday night, when things were happening, but hadn't done so in a long time. Well, my girl friend's sister—she had been kind of quiet all evening—says she wants to go home, so I walked them to their house on Floyd Avenue."

"And when you left McCrory was alone, awaiting the other fellow's return?" checked Brown.

"Yes, but I know they didn't stay there very long," came his startling reply.

"How do you know that?"

"Because around ten o'clock my girl friend and I decided to drop out to the English Tavern for a few dances, and there was McCrory and the other fellow at a table with two girls! Beale went on to state that the quartet left at around 11 P. M., with McCrory waving a cheery farewell."

Brown and Wakefield immediately conveyed their findings to Chief Hedrick, informed him they were on the way to the English Tavern. "I'll meet you there," clipped the Henrico chief.

The three officers were soon interviewing Henri Barthos, manager of the popular night spot on Broad Street Road, three miles beyond the city limits. Barthos, with a penchant for friendly good humor that concealed a keen business mind and a sharp memory, remained silent when Hedrick asked him if he recalled the quartet. Finally he said: "I saw McCrory's picture in the evening newspaper, and it seems to me he was in here with a divorcee by the name of Fay Losander. She has a good job with some company downtown, but I'll be darned if I know which one. She comes here about three or four times a week."

"Was she here tonight?" asked Brown.

"No," Barthos said. "I haven't seen her."

A check with telephone and city directories soon revealed no one by the name of Fay Losander. "That might be her maiden name and she's still listed under her married name." Nor was Barthos able to clear up this discrepancy.

EARLY the following day, while Hedrick and Duling continued to broadcast a description of the missing Buick throughout the entire East and Middle West, Brown and Wakefield began scouring stores, shops, and office buildings in the city's business section. It was a dull, nerve-racking grind, and by five o'clock roll call they had failed completely to locate the divorcee. A check with detectives on the pawnshop detail brought further disappointment: no one had attempted to pawn a Medical College ring or the victim's missing solid gold watch.

It was exactly at 9:15, while Wakefield and Brown were watching Parker struggle again with a re-check on the latent prints found in the apartment that the call came from Barthos. "She's here—Fay Losander—sitting in the place now!"

Brown and Wakefield raced down the steps of Headquarters to their car. Soon they were snaking through the heavy traffic along downtown Broad Street, picked up speed in the less congested West End, then roared undeviatingly along the asphalt extension of the artery to the rustic dance spot.

Within a short while Barthos had escorted a handsome pleasant-mannered brunette to the side of the police car, introduced her as Fay Losander. However, Brown silently noted that either the whip-lash of concealed emotions or the neon lights over the entrance to the club had made her face go ashen-white. The girl's first words told him it wasn't the neon lighting.

"I know I should have made a statement before this," she said, rubbing her fingers nervously, "but I dreaded the publicity."

"You sound like you know who did it," jabbed Brown, watching closely.

"No, no, I don't! He took us to our apartment around 11:30, and we had a few drinks, and then they left. Frances—that's my roommate—and I went to bed right afterwards."

"Who was the fellow in white pants?"

"I never saw him before until he and Doctor McCrory talked to me and Frances in front of the USO at Second and Grace. We were waiting for a bus, and they offered to take us home. I knew Doctor McCrory slightly, because a few days before he had filled a prescription for me, so I didn't hesitate to accept his offer. They suggested the English Tavern for awhile, so we went."

"Do you remember the name of this fellow in white?" asked Brown.

"Yes, he said it was Jack Jones."

Both Brown's and Wakefield's faces dropped with ludicrous swiftness. "Omgawd!" groaned Brown. "If it wasn't for John Smith and Jack Jones some men would have an awful time thinking up a name. What time did McCrory and this Jack Jones leave your apartment?"

"I'd say it was close to midnight."

"Where is your apartment?" The wom-

an gave her address, which the detectives immediately realized was not too far from where the body was found. After recording her name and address, and warning the nervous woman not to reveal the line of their questioning, the investigators departed.

"Jack Jones—our man in white is a novel and original fellow!" sniffed Wakefield. "Personally I wouldn't waste much time looking for that handle."

"You're probably right, Wake, but we'd better make sure. First step will be to call Camp Peary. Drive on back to Headquarters," advised Brown.

However, officials at the Naval establishment, 80 miles southeast of the city, in a few brief minutes swept away Brown's skepticism. "Yes, we did have a man here by the name of Jack Bundy Jones. But there is no record of his discharge. As a matter of fact, we have him listed as a deserter!"

Brown, under urging the navy official to rush a set of Jones' fingerprints to Headquarters and partially acquainting him with the reason for the demand, hung up.

Was the will o' the wisp man in white the killer of McCrory? Hedrick and Captain Sheppard, when informed by Brown of what he had uncovered, seemed inclined to believe that the finger of suspicion now pointed to Jack Bundy Jones. However, little optimism pervaded the Henrico Headquarters as the detectives discussed their next move with the county officials. It was now almost nine days after the finding of the body, twelve days after the night of the murder. The phantom killer could have easily placed hundreds of miles between himself and the scene of his vicious crime, could conceivably have made his way across the Mexican border.

Recalling that Fay Loander had described Jones as being slender, with black curly hair, heavy eyebrows, and a pronounced Southern accent, Brown urged Hedrick to blanket all Southern States clear to the Mexican border.

"I've already done that," Hedrick told him wryly, "and haven't heard a peep. And there hasn't been a sign of the missing ring and the gold watch. This mazy seems to be a bit too smart to let those things dangle in the window of a pawnshop. But I've got an idea: Earl McFarland, the Marine killer who got away in Washington, as scorching hot as he was, headed for his home town. Jones might do the same thing with the stolen car. Find out from the Navy where he lives?"

Within a few minutes officials at Camp Peary revealed that Jones had given his residence as Rock Hill, South Carolina. Hedrick immediately telephoned police officials in the college town, who promised to make a quick check. A short while later came the disappointing news: Jack Jones was nowhere in Rock Hill. They were positive of this.

UNDISCOURAGED, Hedrick again prodded all enforcement agencies in Virginia and the Carolinas, stubbornly clinging to the belief the suspected killer was drifting towards his known haunts. Unwilling to mark time, Sheppard and

Brown began checking points all along U. S. Highway Number 1—the heavily travelled route cutting southward across the heart of Virginia and down through the twin Carolinas.

They moved through Petersburg, Raleigh, Greensboro, Burlington, and met with the same discouraging answers. In the bustling city of Charlotte, North Carolina, Captain Frank Littlejohn, chief of police, who had risen from the ranks as a plainclothesman, made no reply as Brown briefly stated his mission. Instead, he arose quickly, moved over to a nearby safe, pawed inside, then returned with a pair of bloodstained trousers and a polo shirt. "These were found at the Greyhound Bus station yesterday—in one of those 24-hour parcel lockers. I've got four men checking at the station now. Let's see if they've found anything."

A call over the police radio, followed by a return call over a private wire, brought further disappointment. The detectives revealed to their chief that so far they had been unable to secure a single clue as to the person who placed the bloodstained clothing in the station locker.

"The time element proves that he can't be too far away," said Littlejohn. "I got your warning on the green Buick, and I'm reasonably certain it's nowhere in this city. But he's somewhere around. The best thing is to keep egging every sheriff's office and police station all the way to Rock Hill."

The hours rolled by and Sheppard and Brown were about to move on when they received a telephone call from Littlejohn at their hotel.

"I think Jones has been nabbed," the police chief informed them crisply. "You'd better get over here."

Thirty minutes later Captain Sheppard was in earnest conversation with Chief of Police Floyd Smith, of Fort Mill, South Carolina, just across the State border.

"He admits that he's Jack Bundy Jones, but denies emphatically any knowledge of McCrory's murder," said Chief Smith.

"How about the Buick—any sign of it?" demanded Sheppard.

"Sure thing. He tried to sell it to an automobile dealer here. I'm postponing further questioning until you get here."

Sheppard and Brown drove the eighteen miles to Fort Mill in record time. Chief Smith, square-jawed, with keen blue eyes, greeted them cordially. "I've got him back in a cell on an open charge. You can talk to him any time you wish," he informed the Richmond sleuths.

"How did you manage to nab him?" asked Sheppard.

"Well, he made a slip that swept twenty years of cobwebs out of my mind," grinned Smith. "Here's what happened: with all those teletypes coming in, I've been keeping a weather eye out for that 1936 model green Buick. I was going home to supper when I spotted a young fellow standing beside a car like that on one of our dealer's lots. He was talking to an appraiser. I jumped out of my car and walked over, began asking the fellow questions. Sure, he told me, it was his car. He had bought it in Richmond. I asked for his registration card. He showed me a card on the Buick all right, but McCrory's name had been lined out and

his inserted, but leaving the number '11 North Boulevard', unmarked. He said this T. W. McCrory had sold the car to him, and he was now selling it because he needed money. I asked him, what did '11 North Boulevard' represent? He said it was the address of an automobile agency. Well, twenty years ago I was in the Army, on recruiting duty in Richmond, and I knew that 11 North Boulevard was in the best residential section, and there wasn't an automobile agency within two miles of that address. So I knew he was lying. I looked him up and had the car impounded."

In a few minutes a turnkey led in a slender youth, dressed in a white shirt and a pair of trousers that seemed overly large at the waist. He regarded the officials with undisguised anger and cordial dislike.

"What'cha want now?" he demanded sullenly.

"I want to know why you murdered T. W. McCrory," said Brown bluntly. To his surprise, the youth attempted no vociferous denial.

"I didn't kill him. The others might have done it, but not me."

"What others?" demanded Brown. His voice low, sometimes falling to a mumble, the suspect avowed that he had attended several parties in Richmond with the druggist, that he had drunk heavily, and some time during the course of the evening had fallen asleep. When he woke up he was on the back seat of the Buick in Lexington, North Carolina. Believing that the others had deserted him, he had simply gotten behind the wheel and started moving south, trying to get to Rock Hill.

Brown regarded the youth with expressionless eyes, then asked him quietly to step into an adjoining room. Sheppard, aware of Brown's "soft-mannered" skill at interrogation, signaled to the South Carolina police chief and drifted away.

However, within ten minutes Brown realized that his genial affability, his pleadings to tell the truth, were falling on deaf ears. Jones, his thick lips puckered in a stubborn grimace, merely regarded him stoically.

"Okay, Jones," said Brown setting a new trap. "I've tried to impress upon you the fact that making a clean breast of things is the best way out. But you don't have to talk. We've got sufficient evidence to prove that you killed McCrory in cold blood. Back at the apartment you made one slip; when you wiped off the telephone after answering the ringing, you held the base with your left hand, then forgot to wipe the base. And we've got your fingerprints, proving that you came back to the apartment after McCrory was killed." Brown's reference to the fingerprints was sheer fancy, a shot in the dark.

But seconds later he knew the ruse had worked. Jones hunched forward in his chair suddenly, then blurted: "Okay, I killed him, but he had no business arguing with me!"

"What was the argument about?" pressed Brown.

"After we took the girls to their apartment, we started to go to the Westwood Supper Club. I told him to stop for a

minute. We stopped at the side of the road, then he said he was going on and leave me. I got mad and knocked him down. Then I kicked him good and proper. I decided I'd better get rid of him, so I found a rock and knocked his skull in."

Jones is said to have embellished his initial confession of merciless brutality with an admission that he did rob the druggist, that he came back to the apartment to change his bloody clothing, that he ransacked the apartment for further loot, brazenly turning on the radio to the police frequency to determine whether any squad cars had been dis-

patched to the crime vicinity. He admitted that lifting the telephone receiver was a foolish move, but had tried to rectify the slip by wiping the receiver clean. He further admitted taking the bloody clothing with him as far as Charlotte, where he deposited it in the bus station locker.

A short time after his arrival in Richmond, the accused slayer signed a formal confession in the presence of a court notary. Two days later he was arraigned in Henrico County Trial Justice Court but elected to waive a preliminary hearing. Justice Harold Sneed promptly bound him over for the July term of the Hen-

rico County Circuit Court. The bushy-haired Jones has signified he will plead guilty to the murder of the kindly druggist.

"Anyway, I kept you scrambling for sixteen days before you got me," he bragged.

"Sure, sixteen days or sixteen years, it's always the same ending," returned Brown.

Chuck Beale and Fay Loander are fictitious names, used to protect the identity of innocent persons.

complete ★ DETECTIVE

fact uppermost in his mind. Commissioner Bryan issued implicit instructions that every taxi office in the cities of Edmonton and Calgary—and in smaller towns in between—be checked on the chance that Albert E. Allen might again be driving a taxi, or that other employers and employees in the business would know something about him.

FOR days the police pursued their inquiries without success—and then they got another break! At Calgary, Detective Harvey located a taxi proprietor, named Tim Barlow, who had at one time employed Albert E. Allen.

It was true, as Morton had told Commissioner Bryan, that all decent taxi men were indignant over the callous shooting of one of their number, and were only too willing to cooperate with the police. Tim Barlow was no exception.

Eagerly he explained in detail to Harvey that he, Barlow, had followed the various fairs with his cars during the summer. He had employed Allen to drive one of his cabs at the Edmonton summer exhibition, and later at the Saskatoon and Regina fairs. Even more significantly, Barlow stated that Allen had a companion who followed the fairs with him, playing the races and working at odd jobs; a tall man whom Barlow knew only as "Mike."

"Have you a photo of Allen?" Harvey asked.

"No, I haven't," Barlow replied. And then his eyes suddenly lighted up. "Say!" he exclaimed, "I just remembered. I believe that Allen left a club bag or suitcase with another driver to mind for him. This driver is a square guy . . . lives right here in Calgary. Just a minute . . . I'll find his address."

IN LESS than an hour Harvey had the club bag and, as he examined its contents, his eyes gleamed for, from the police point of view, it was a regular treasure trove. Not only were there photographs, which Barlow identified as pictures of Allen, but there were letters addressed to a Bertram A. Jones, Boun-

dary Creek, Alberta, and a letter and photographs of a young woman and a child addressed to a Mike Radko!

These findings were turned over to the criminal investigation department for checking. Allen and Jones did not have criminal records, but it was quickly discovered that Mike Radko had been convicted in Saskatoon in 1937 for armed robbery and had but recently been released from the Prince Albert Penitentiary at the expiration of his term. To this information was added a minute description and a photograph of Mike Radko which revealed him to be a tall man!

Further, when shown Radko's photograph, Barlow at once identified him as the "Mike" who had been Allen's companion. And the taxi driver with whom Allen had stored his bag also identified Mike Radko, adding:

"Sure! Allen and this guy stayed at my place for a couple of days. On August 10th I drove them just outside the city limits. They were broke and said they were going to hop a freight. While they were standing there waiting, they were joined by two other guys, one just a kid."

"Did you see them hop a freight?" Harvey asked.

"No, I just left them standing there." Meanwhile, back in Edmonton, Morton also identified Mike Radko's picture as the man to whom he had given his home-made blackjack.

WITH a definite trail to follow, the police now worked with redoubled zeal. For all they knew, Allen, Radko, and Jones might not have had anything at all to do with the holdup and shooting of Midwinter, but the three men must be picked up and subjected to rigorous interrogation.

But where were the wanted men? Everything indicated that they had kept on traveling south towards the United States, so Commissioner Bryan sent his men in that direction. It was a shrewd move that a few days later produced tangible results.

At Lethbridge, Alberta, a fair-sized

town 130 miles south of Calgary and 50 miles from the Montana border, the police contacted yet another taxi driver, who stated that on August 10, 1939, just two days after the murder, he had met Allen, Radko and two other young men in Lethbridge. "They told me they were heading for Montana," he ended.

Detective Harvey also headed for Montana! From town to town he journeyed, calling at taxi offices, garages, and automobile salesrooms, questioning, questioning, questioning, and displaying photographs of Radko and Allen. It seemed well-nigh as hopeless as looking for a needle in a haystack, this business of trying to find four ordinary-looking young men among the teeming millions in the United States, but Harvey doggedly stuck to the task.

Presently he arrived at Billings, Montana—and there his perseverance was rewarded! The owner of an auto wrecking business, instantly identified the pictures of Radko and Allen as those of two young men who had tried to sell him a 1928-model Oldsmobile coach. It was a 1928-model Oldsmobile coach that had been stolen from High River, Alberta, the night after the murder!

"Why didn't you make the deal?" Harvey asked.

"Well," the dealer shrugged, "in this business a man's got to be careful. There were four guys altogether and, I don't know, somehow I felt suspicious of them."

"Was one just a boy?" Harvey asked.

"Yes," he replied.

Harvey thanked him and wired a detailed report to Commissioner Bryan.

Now that it was established that the wanted men had crossed the border, Commissioner Bryan took immediate steps to enlist the aid of the American authorities. This was freely given. Officers of the United States Department of Justice, together with police chiefs, marshals and sheriffs throughout the country, cooperated willingly and efficiently. With such substantial aid, Commissioner Bryan now felt that it was but a question of time before the wanted men were apprehended . . .

HOME-MADE BLACKJACK

(Continued from page 39)

BUT days dragged on into weeks and months and still the wanted men had not been found. Without let-up, law enforcement officers of Canada and the United States went on with the tedious task of fine-combing both countries. The order had gone out that at all costs these callous killers must be brought to justice!

And then the police got another break. At the beginning of November, Commissioner Bryan was notified that Albert E. Allen had been seen at the small town of Carnation, Washington. Together with two other young men he had been peddling a kitchen utensil from door-to-door!

Detective Harvey was detailed to try and effect an arrest. Assisted by Deputy Sheriffs Herring and Thomas of Washington, and Agent Dollin of the U. S. Department of Justice, Harvey finally traced Allen to an isolated cabin on the edge of Lake Langlois.

In the murky of a rainy November evening, guns drawn, the four officers stole up to the shack. Harvey then crashed open the door. As the four officers crowded inside, three men leaped to their feet. One of the men was Albert E. Allen. Harvey at once handcuffed him and placed him under arrest, at the same time giving him the customary warning about not saying anything.

"Aw, what's the use?" Allen replied. "You know I was in on that taxi driver killing. I'm glad you've got me; it's been hell this trying to get away."

"You want to get it off your chest?" Harvey asked.

"Yeh," Allen replied shakily. "I was in on it, but I didn't shoot that poor guy."

"Were these other two men with you?"

"No. I just met these guys here in Washington."

"Who was with you then?"

"Mike Radko, Bert Jones, and a teen-aged boy named Jim Martin. We just called him Kid."

"Where are the other three now?"

"I don't know. Gee, but it's been hell! We haven't stop in any one place more'n a day or two. Finally, we agreed it'd be safer to separate. But I hope you catch the other guys; I don't want to take the rap alone."

"And which of you shot Midwinter?"

"It was either Jones or Radko; they're both real tough guys."

Dreading the thought of the gallows, Allen proved himself to be a docile prisoner and offered to help the police all he could. Waiving extradition proceedings he was at once taken back to Calgary, and while awaiting trial told everything. All four, being broke, had planned to steal a car and then stage a series of quick stickups of small shops and other businesses. Because he was an experienced taxi driver, Allen's role was to be that of driver of any car or cars they used.

CANADIAN and American police now redoubled their efforts to locate Radko, Jones, and Jim Martin. But more days dragging into weeks without trace of the wanted men made Commissioner Bryan decide upon another stratagem.

It is a fact well-known to all police officers that criminals wanted for some such grave crime as murder will often

commit some lesser crime so as to receive a short jail sentence, feeling far more secure in jail than on the run outside. In consequence, at Commissioner Bryan's request, all jail wardens and employees in the United States and Canada were asked to scrutinize their prisoners closely and compare them with photos of Jones and Radko. . . . This brought results.

In the penitentiary at Lethbridge, Alberta, less than 150 miles from the scene of the killing, Bertram A. Jones was found serving a short term for breaking and entering. He vehemently denied his identity until confronted by Albert E. Allen, who recognized him instantly.

And on the heels of this came word from the United States authorities that the fingerprints of a man (who had given his name as Jack Petrie), now serving a term at Leavenworth Penitentiary for armed stickup, tallied exactly with those of Mike Radko, as supplied by the Canadian police.

On December 17th, Detective Harvey confronted Mike Radko in Leavenworth Penitentiary. Radko was hard, arrogant.

"You Canadian cops ain't got nothing on me," he taunted.

Harvey's reply was to reach into his pocket and pull out the home-made blackjack. "Ever see this before?" he asked quietly.

"What—" Radko's jaw dropped, then: "So what?" He asked truculently.

"We believe that it dropped out of your pocket when you were helping to wire the ankles and wrists of a dying man," Harvey replied coldly.

"Yeah?" Radko sneered. "Well, just try and prove that."

"We intend to," Harvey replied.

Again the United States authorities cooperated to the full by at once commuting Radko's sentence and issuing extradition papers.

MIKE RADKO, Albert E. Allen, and Bertram A. Jones, were arraigned for trial at Calgary, Alberta, on March 18th, 1931. Radko could not explain satisfactorily how the blackjack could have been dropped at the scene of the murder by anyone but himself. But the most damning evidence was supplied by Albert E. Allen, who turned King's evidence. He supplied that which all police officers dream about—a graphic eye-witness account.

On the third day of the trial the jury brought in a verdict of guilty and Radko and Jones were sentenced to be hanged. Because he had turned King's evidence and assisted the police in every way he could, Albert E. Allen escaped the gallows but was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Some weeks later the fourth member of the quartet, the teen-aged boy, was picked up, but because of his extreme youth and Allen's assurance that the boy had taken no active part in the crime, the youngster was returned to his anxious parents after being sternly lectured.

On Monday, June 10th, 1931, in the yard of the Lethbridge jail, Radko and Jones were hanged.

Jed Morton, Tim Barlow and Jim Martin are fictitious names.

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SCARLET SEQUEL

(Continued from page 19)

prints on them, too, but they were so indistinct that the whorls were of no value.

"How about the pistol itself?" urged Sloan. "Let's take a look for it. Maybe it was thrown away."

"Nope!" snapped McGowan. "Not these babies. They're too smart for that. This is no amateur job. There's been a dozen metal robberies in the last three or four months—and to me, they all look like the work of the same pair."

"What makes you think two men did the job?" inquired Sloan.

"Don't have to think to figure that out," grunted the Homicide Chief. "Some of those 'pigs' were so heavy that one man couldn't have done the job alone. Furthermore—" he took a memo from his pocket, studied it a moment and went on, "this slain man, Flut, shot it out with two burglars less than a month ago. They were sawing through the bars . . . He handed the memo to Sloan. "Here, read it for yourself." The memo, snatched up from the official files by McGowan as he left Headquarters, contained a complete report on the robbery attempt of February 2, 1934.

A careful search was made of the premises. No trace of the pistol, used as a bludgeon, was found. Then, convinced there was no further evidence to be gathered at the scene, McGowan, Sloan and the other detectives returned to Headquarters, leaving a couple of uniformed men at the murder scene, just as a precautionary measure.

ONCE in his own office, McGowan pulled a .38-caliber revolver from his pocket.

"This," he said, "was the dead watchman's. I took it from his pocket. Apparently he was struck down from behind as he walked through that dark passageway; never had a chance to pull it."

He pointed out that the two broken pistol grips he carried in his handkerchief, came from another weapon. Those on the watchman's gun were intact.

"I'm going to send these broken ones over to the Lab," he said. "At least they'll be able to tell us from what kind of a gun they come."

Shortly a technical expert reported: "Those broken butts came from a Colt automatic; probably of .45 calibre. I've got some numbers on them . . . There seemed to be seven numerals stamped inside the butts, but only five of them can be made out even under my most powerful microscope." He gave the five numbers to McGowan who, in turn, handed them to Sloan to check.

CONFIDENT Sloan would check the numbers to the purchaser of the lethal gun if it were humanly possible, McGowan returned alone to the Columbia plant to talk to employees. He interviewed more than a score without get-

ting any information of value before he finally came to a moulder.

"Do you know anything that might bear on this Flut murder?" he asked the worker.

The man, middle-aged, paunchy, twisted his hands nervously a few seconds, then replied:

"Yes, sir, I think I do." He hesitated again, had to be urged to go on. Then, "I think he was killed by the same two fellows he shot at about three weeks ago."

"What makes you think that?" asked McGowan.

"Well, it's this way," the moulder went on. "About a month ago two young fellows offered me \$500 if I'd leave the back door of the foundry open so they could get in. I refused to have anything to do with it."

"Would you know these two guys if you saw them again?" pressed the detective. "I certainly would!" he replied.

Later in the day McGowan took the moulder to Manhattan Police Headquarters and had him go through several hundred photographs of criminals known to be addicted to factory burglaries. After scanning them at great length, the moulder said none resembled the two mysterious strangers.

McGowan's next move was to visit other metal companies which had been burglarized in recent weeks. Accompanied by Sloan he went from plant to plant, questioning officials, employees and even truckdrivers who made deliveries to the Columbia concern. But nothing developed.

Then the two sleuths uncovered what they believed was a hot lead at the Marx Lissberger Company plant in Long Island City. This concern also was in the metal trade and it too had been robbed.

The night watchman there told of having been held up at pistol point and of having been bound and gagged while the two robbers leisurely loaded their truck with the stolen ore.

"Did you see their faces?" McGowan inquired.

"Yes, I did," the watchman said. "I'd never seen either one of them before, but believe me, if I ever do again, I'll recognize them. They almost scared me out of a year's growth."

"Did they beat you?" McGowan pressed.

"No, they didn't," he answered. "But they had me covered. One of them stood guard ready to shoot while the other made me lie down on the floor to tie me up. When they left they took my gun with them."

"I see," said McGowan. "What kind of a gun was it?"

"A .45 automatic," the watchman replied.

McGowan pulled the two oxidized rubber pistol grips found at the scene of the Flut murder from his pocket; held them out in the palm of his hand.

"You ever see these before?" he asked. The watchman examined them carefully, turned them over and over.

"Yes, I have," he said. "They're of my gun. I'm sure of that because, see—" he pointed to what appeared to be slight pin scratches on one of the rubber plates—"that's where I tried to scratch my initials. But the rubber was too hard."

McGowan threw a glance of exultation at Sloan.

"Now we've got something—maybe," he said. "If we can just pick up that pistol; get its manufacturer's numbers from the place where it was bought—"

MCGOWAN and Sloan had already conceded that Flut's killers were brazen, but it was not until he found two policemen who admitted they had seen them loading the ore at the Lissberger plant, that they conceded the two robbers were about the most brazen on record. Both policemen said they had stopped and talked to the men, who did not appear in the least alarmed. They said they thought it unusual for truck-loading at that early hour of the morning, but the delivery room was lighted and the men explained they were carting away the ore because of a rush order.

The two policemen were taken to Manhattan Headquarters too, to look over rogue's gallery photographs, but, like the others who had preceded them, they failed to identify any as the two robbers.

"I'm inclined to believe these fellows have no previous records," Sloan said. "Else they're grifters who have turned to ore robberies from some other racket."

"Well," announced McGowan, grimly, "we'll get them yet!"

McGowan went back to the Columbia plant. This time he obtained samples of the stolen metal that the killers had trucked away after bludgeoning Flut to death. To these he attached identification cards. Then he had these photographed and sent out on a regular police "flier." The circulars went to every one of New York's 118 precincts, together with the request that the Brooklyn Homicide Bureau be notified if anyone was caught trying to dispose of the stolen ore.

McGowan then went to the offices of the American Metal Market and the Waste Trade Journal, two publications widely circulated in the metal ore field. He persuaded the editors of these to publish detailed descriptions of the stolen ore and of the two suspects.

FIVE weeks after sending out the police flyers, McGowan got what he believed was a break. Detectives at a Queens precinct telephoned they held a prisoner caught in the act of buying stolen metal.

With Sloan he sped to the station house and began questioning the suspect, a sullen, swarthy man, who at first refused to tell from whom he had bought the stolen "pigs."

ing happened—for ten minutes. Then it came—the first tentative twist of the knob.

A steady pressure on the door made the muscles of the detective's foot tense. He held on for a few seconds. The pressure became harder. Rosenblatt eased the gun out of his pocket.

"Look out!" yelled the prisoner, warning whatever friends they might be, but his words were uttered just as the detective withdrew his foot and permitted the weight outside to plunge forward into the compartment.

"Well?" queried the detective, his weapon firmly held and level at the hip.

The two strangers suddenly began to laugh, for no reason that Rosenblatt could make out.

"We didn't see those bracelets in the dark," one of the pair said, apologizing for the intrusion.

They were both FBI agents who had recognized the fugitive on the platform. The Federal Government also was interested in the Ed's capture, and the two were only trying to make sure whether the sudden trip north was for pleasure or purpose.

LEVINSON was brought before Judge Behan in New York on June 20th.

complete DETECTIVE

ROMANCE WAS MY RACKET

(Continued from page 11)

to fall. He wanted to marry me, and as soon as possible. He knew from my letters, he said, that I was his ideal girl, the woman for whom he had been waiting all his life. Unfortunately, it was the middle of the term, he would be unable to get away at all until the Christmas holidays, and that would only be for a few days. His real vacation wouldn't start until June. Why waste all that precious time, now that we had finally found each other? Why not come out to Wisconsin, where I would, in any event, spend the rest of my life?

I sent back a sweet and gentle note, thanking him for the honor he had done me and telling him how thrilled I was and how I looked forward to our life together. However, I added, it would be impractical for me to go to Wisconsin immediately. I would have to remain in Pittsburgh and earn the money for a proper trousseau, so I would not embarrass him with his friends. And, I added, the train fare would take a little saving up, too.

It wasn't put as badly as that, naturally. I wrote eight pages before I covered all those points, and the demands for money were beautifully camouflaged.

The schoolteacher understood exactly how I felt. He understood so well that he sent me \$400 to take care of whatever clothes I had to buy for our marriage. He would arrange to meet me at the station; please wire him before I got on the train.

Needless to say, that was the last letter the schoolteacher ever got from me. I soaked the \$400 away in the bank.

My three other correspondents also came through like little men. The rancher to whom I had written that I was unhappily married and anxious to have a little fun, sent me \$200. He wouldn't fall for my hints about money for a divorce, but he did send enough to take care of a few clothes and the trip to New Mexico.

"Come by plane," he wrote, "as the railroad trip is long and tedious, and I am anxious to see you as soon as possible. I am very lonely and have been longing to meet you since the day I went out to the mailbox and found your letter and your picture waiting for me. Forget your

husband. I can see he doesn't appreciate you, and I promise to make you happy. Wire me when to expect you. Love."

Hal grinned when he saw the letter. "I bet his ranch is a little two-room shack stuck out in the middle of the desert," he said. "And that \$200 he sent is probably half his life's savings. But don't feel too sorry for him. This time you clipped him. The next time he'll clip somebody else. It all evens up in the end."

I wasn't feeling sorry for him or anybody else, at that stage of the game. I liked the feel of the money that was coming in too much for that. And I already had six other men on my romance list to whom I was giving a small build-up.

Don't get the idea that all the men who wrote to me had marriage in mind. A certain percentage talked marriage, but most of that was only come-on. That was the main reason they sent me money to visit them. They worked on the assumption that any girl who'd travel half way across the country to meet an unknown man would also be foolish enough to believe that if they were not wed immediately, there would be a marriage in the offing.

All this time, of course, we were running the club. Occasionally, we'd get a letter complaining about me—under my phony name—from one of the suckers I'd taken. In that case, the club would send back a polite note pointing out that it printed a notice over every list of names saying that the club was not responsible for any misrepresentations by members and warning pen-pals under no circumstances to send money to a correspondent.

Our theory was that most of them took their medicine and kept their mouths shut. I suppose it's human nature; most men don't want it known that they've been taken for a ride, and most particularly in the case of a supposed love affair, where personal egotism is involved.

We were doing fine, Hal and I. We were living higher, we were spending more money and everything looked rosy. Then I got tangled up with Fred Bracker.

Listed against him were 13 previous convictions and a long-standing wanted notice from Mansfield, Ohio. The judge felt something was owed to the State of New York, however, and gave him a unique sentence on the New York charge—4 years, 11 months and 29 days to 5 years, so that if The Ed behaved during that time he would have a 24-hour interval before his trip to Ohio to serve out his 25-year sentence there.

Detective Rosenblatt, in recognition of the caliber of work he did in bringing to justice the slickest cat of all, won a high commendation from the New York Commissioner of Police.

uses. He lived in New York, was a garage mechanic, 50 years old. Bracker had a double purpose in joining the club: He was lonely and he was anxious to find a woman who would make a good mother to his two young children.

His first letter was a masterpiece of dignity in which he described himself, his need for companionship and his earnest conviction that mutual interest was the foundation of any sound marriage. This, it appeared from Bracker's letter, would take quite a while to establish. He also enclosed a photograph of himself. He had a well-lined face, a rather determined chin and his hair line was going fast.

Even without the photograph I was all for dropping Bracker by the wayside. To me it looked like a lot of work and only peanuts at the end of it. But Hal objected.

"This guy's going to be our jackpot, Sherry. I know the type. First, he's got plenty of dough soaked away. He's the kind that's been saving five dollars a week since his first pay check. Secondly, if handled properly, he'll fall like a ton of bricks. He obviously hasn't been around, he has no idea that the world isn't made up of good, sweet characters. Thirdly, he has a couple of kids. That means he's serious about getting married. And once he's convinced you're the proper mother for them, there's nothing he won't do for you."

I still didn't like it. I tried to think of a reasonable argument against it. "I don't know what to say to him. He's so different from the others."

"Stick to three ideas, and you'll be able to handle him for the rest of your life," Hal advised. "You're crazy about children, you're longing for a good home and you've always wanted to live in New York. All New Yorkers are nuts on the subject of New York, and that always gets them."

As usual, Hal was right. Under the name of Polly Baker, I got letter after letter from Bracker, all filled with descriptions of New York. The famous buildings, Coney Island, the museums, the harbor, the Statue of Liberty—he was better than a Baedeker, where the free entertainment was concerned. And all the time, he assured me, we were get-

BRACKER was probably the most intelligent of all my mail order Ro-

I saw a story in the newspaper the other day about another girl who is in trouble because of her "lonely hearts" activities. Her name is Kathie Stanton, of Clawson, Michigan, and Kathie's operations make me look like a small-time chiseler. Kathie had been married and divorced when, in April of 1945, she inserted a "lonely hearts" ad.

It went over so big and was such a good investment that she spent as much as \$50 a month in stamps to keep in touch with all the amiable males who were carried away by her self-advertised charms and her photograph. The profits were excellent. Proposals of marriage, plus travelling expenses, the price of a

trousseau and an occasional operation were numerous and generous.

Kathie wasn't any too subtle, either. One letter of hers, reprinted in the paper, put the deal right on the line:

"When I receive the ring, I shall then address you as my master. I want to belong to you, Carl, more than you know. I'm stuck with a hospital bill of \$60. How the dickens am I going to get a wedding dress?"

She even married two of her pen-pals, although in each case she managed to duck out right after the ceremony. The first husband told the postal inspectors that his lawless marriage set him back in the neighborhood of \$500. The second

one really went for a wad, including \$900 for a mythical operation.

When the postal agents moved in on Kathie, she admitted having taken the boys for some \$2000 in cash and a couple of diamond rings—undoubtedly a very conservative estimate for a girl of Kathie's letter-writing ability. The last I heard, she had pleaded guilty to using the mails to defraud and was facing sentence in Federal Court.

I suppose by now, she, too, is convinced that you can't beat the system.

While all facts in this story are true, for obvious reasons the names used are fictitious.



giving the driver of a truck a ticket when this car suddenly appears. It swerved so close to Yenser that it barely missed him by inches. We hopped into the squad car and gave chase, but by that time it had disappeared. We had just about given up hope when it showed again. The rest you know."

While this conference was in progress, a startling event was taking place about two miles away . . .

PATROLMAN ALEX GEIGER, making his rounds after returning to his beat, stopped for a third time at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station which was on his rounds. For the third time he looked questioningly at Leroy Rhodes, the ticket agent.

"Anything new?" he asked, hopefully. The agent nodded. "Just sold a ticket to a guy for Philly. He's upstairs now. The train doesn't leave till 7:56."

Geiger glanced at his watch . . . 7:15.

With eager steps he climbed to the train platform above the street level. He swung his eyes along the narrow station and spied a man with a cap pulled low over his forehead. Even in the dim light of a gloomy, overcast day he could see he was wearing a gray overcoat. Geiger's eyes sought the front of the coat. The bottom button was missing! What's more, the man's shoes were wet and muddy.

Geiger drew his gun and advanced warily. The man wheeled at the sound of the officer's footsteps. A look of surprise crossed his round, swarthy features. Spying the gun in the officer's hand, he threw his own hands skyward in a gesture of surrender.

"What's the idea, copper?" he snarled. "Keep 'em up, buddy," warned Geiger, running his free hand expertly over the man's form. He was unarmed.

TEN minutes later the man sat sullenly across the desk from Captain Lamb. Seated nearby were Prosecutor Douglas M. Hicks, then prosecutor of Middlesex County, and one of his crack assistants, Detective Sergeant Walter L. Simpson.

A search through the suspect's pockets gave no hint of his identity. A large amount of silver, plus a few greenbacks and two silver dollars, were found on him.

"What's your name?" asked Lamb.

"Eddie Woods."

"Where you from?"

"Philly."

A report lay on the desk stating that two men had held up the Palm Gardens Cafe on Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, only two hours before the murder of Trooper Yenser. Significantly enough, \$80, including two silver dollars had been taken.

"Who was your partner?" asked Lamb.

"Partner?" muttered the man, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Woods steadfastly denied that he had taken part in any holdup; or had been in the Chevy when Trooper Yenser had been slain. It was evident to the officers that further questioning would be useless without something definite with which to link the suspect to the murder.

The processing of the two whiskey bottles answered this need. Several sets of prints were obtained, one of which matched Wood's prints perfectly. The shotgun and the abandoned car yielded only smudges.

Checking "Woods" fingerprints with the criminal files in the Quaker City, it was soon learned that the prisoner was really Eddie Metelski, notorious safe-cracker and burglar, who had a long record.

Confronted by this proof of his true identity, Metelski confessed to his real name, but clammed up, refusing to give any further information.

At a conference in Hick's office, Captain Lamb said earnestly: "This man is a professional thug. He won't crack; there's no use waiting for that. I've just contacted the police of New York and Philly and there's no record in their files matching the second set of prints found on the bottles. There's only one thing to do, and that's check up on Metelski's friends. That's the only way we'll learn who the other man was."

With this in mind, Detective Simpson was dispatched to Philadelphia. Assisted

by Detective William Leinhausner, who was familiar with Metelski's past, he learned that the latter had been seen in the company of one Albert Morton, nicknamed "Whiskey" by his cronies.

Playing both ends against the middle, Captain Lamb again confronted the prisoner. He mentioned the names of several of Metelski's close friends. The suspect readily admitted knowing them, but when Lamb casually mentioned the name of Whitley Morton, he acted puzzled and shook his head.

To the astute Captain Lamb, that was the tip-off. "Whitley" Morton had been his partner on that fatal ride!

Lamb received a setback, however, when it was definitely ascertained that the second set of prints on the bottles did not belong to Morton. Was there a third person involved in the killing, or was Morton really innocent? Keck and Carolyn had seen only two men run from the car but they could easily have been deceived in the hazy light covering the fog-shrouded city.

Things started happening fast now. Detectives, led by Sergeant Simpson, stormed "Whitley" Morton's rooming house residence on North Sixteenth Street in Philadelphia only to find their quarry had flown. His wife said she hadn't seen him in two days and had no knowledge of his whereabouts. She admitted that he knew an Eddie, but didn't know the last name. Simpson then put a 24-hour tail on the house.

A canvass of the neighbors around the Lents Avenue house revealed the interesting news that at ten o'clock that morning a thin-faced man had left Metelski's home accompanied by a buxom girl named "Babe" Connors. The man's description tallied with that of "Whitley" Morton.

LATE Saturday night, approximately seventeen hours after Yenser's murder, the telephone rang on Captain Lamb's desk. It was Detective Simpson calling from the Quaker City.

"We've just picked up the Connors girl," he said. "She came with an empty

"NEVER KILL A COP!"

(Continued from page 35)

America finds a new, easy way to save

OUT of the war has come one blessing—a lesson in thrift for millions of those who never before had learned to save.

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6.00	597.74	7 216.97
6.75	636.90	7 937.96
7.50	676.00	8 686.42
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"FROM AUTHENTIC DETECTIVE CASES"

through the thick undergrowth on foot. Torches were lit and held overhead to light the way through stygian blackness. The job was fraught with danger because the two men they were seeking probably would shoot without hesitation and in the glare of the torches the searchers made perfect targets.

When the sun rose over the Watchung Mountains the next morning, the fugitives were still at large. Overhead a plane dived back and forth, swooping low to give the police officer, equipped with special binoculars, the best possible chance to spot the criminals.

PROSECUTOR HICKS, back at his desk in New Brunswick, hit on a ruse. He figured that Joan Menkowitz had not only slipped the gun to Metelski, but had made arrangements to meet him at some secret hideaway.

Playing his hunch, he ordered the husky-throated nightclub singer to jail and then gave a statement to the newspapers to the effect that she had convinced the police of her innocence of any wrongdoing in the break from the Middlesex County Jail.

He next assigned Detectives Stockburger and Long of the state police to check back over the girl's activities of the past week. This they did, and learned that the girl had been seen around the West Kinney Street section of Newark, a street lined with cheap rooming houses, saloons and pool halls.

With a picture of the singer in their pocket, they started canvassing the neighborhood, hoping to find the house picked for the rendezvous.

Tuesday night saw another surprise in a case full of surprises. Detective Grauley of the Newark Police contacted Hicks at his home with the information that Metelski and Semenkwitz had held up a Plainfield barber and escaped in his car. They had slipped through the police cordon around the Watchung Mountain area!

The barber's car was found on Monday morning outside of Newark. The gas tank was empty. Evidently fearing a police broadcast on the car, they had decided to ditch it and make the rest of the way without it.

Hicks had just digested the news about the car when Stockburger phoned to say that on Friday, the day before the jailbreak, a girl, answering Joan Menkowitz's description had rented a room on West Kinney Street, paying a week's rent in advance.

"Would Eddie Metelski and his pal head for it? Convinced that they would, police, under Captain Timothy Rowe, converged on the neighborhood, occupying hallways and alleyways, while others, dressed in nondescript attire, sauntered up and down West Kinney Street.

The entire neighborhood was thoroughly covered, but so conveniently placed were the officers that residents of the section knew nothing of what was going on.

The hours dragged by slowly. Daylight faded and the blanket of night descended gloomily over the gloomy street.

Suddenly, just before eight o'clock, two figures approached warily from Halsey

Street. Breathlessly, the sleuths watched. In the darkness they couldn't be sure. The pair stopped, talked for a few minutes, then one turned and entered a diner on the corner; the other walked into an alley that ran between a garage and a rooming house.

Stockburger crossed the street and peered into the diner. He smiled with satisfaction and entered. Stopping directly behind a man seated at the end of the counter he whipped out his gun, prodded it into the man's back and snapped:

"Don't move, Semenkwitz! Just throw up your hands!"

Semenkwitz turned pale, but complied, slowly. Stockburger frisked him and found a .32-calibre gun in a back pocket.

Meanwhile, right behind Metelski came Detective Grauley, gun in hand. At the other end of the alley was the open ground of an automobile parking lot. From this end came Detective Francis Long, stalking his prey. From every conceivable hiding place men emerged, walking swiftly towards but one destination.

The unlighted alleyway was dark, sinister. Metelski, about half-way through, spotted the bulky figure of Long coming towards him. A sixth sense warned the killer that Fate was catching up with him. He turned quickly and ran in the direction he had come, only to halt in confusion as Grauley and other shapes materialized out of the darkness of West Kinney Street and closed in on him.

Before Metelski could make a move, Grauley was on him, a smashing right to the jaw sending the killer staggering backwards against Long who pinioned Metelski's arms to his sides. A few seconds later, disarmed and his hands shackled, it was the end of the road for Eddie Metelski, cop killer.

This time the law wasn't taking any chances of having him escape. He wasn't entrusted to a small-town jail but, instead, was imprisoned in the imposing edifice which houses Newark's unlawful. The .32-calibre gun found on him proved to be the weapon that fired the slug into the state police squad car.

Metelski, awaiting trial, admitted that the ruse of his girl friend's release from jail had completely fooled him. He had gone to West Kinney Street to keep a previously arranged rendezvous.

As the date for the killer's trial approached, Joan Menkowitz admitted her part in the jailbreak. She had smuggled the gun to Metelski the day before, securing it from it's hiding place in his home in Newark. She pleaded guilty to aiding Metelski and received a five-year rap for her loyalty. Pete Semenkwitz also pleaded guilty and got a fifteen-to-twenty-year sentence. No charges were made against Babe Connors.

Metelski went on trial January 6, 1936. He was found guilty. On August 4th, Eddie Metelski had to be helped through the green door to pay with his life for the life he had so wantonly taken. The underworld warning, "Never kill a cop," is good advice.

Joan Menkowitz and Babe Connors are fictitious names, used to protect the identity of actual persons.



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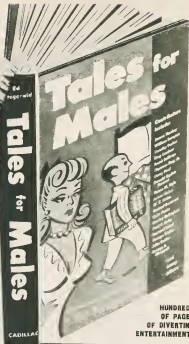
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Do you want a good-pay job in Radio—or your own money-making Radio Shop? Mail Coupon for a **FREE** Sample Lesson and my **FREE** 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. gives you practical Radio experience at home—building, testing, repairing Radios with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Good Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending **EXTRA MONEY** JOB SHEETS. You **LEARN** Radio principles from my easy-to-grasp, illustrated lessons—**PRACTICE** what you learn with parts I send—**USE** your knowledge to make **EXTRA** money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! From here it's a short step to your own full-time Radio Shop or a good Radio job!

Future for Trained Men Is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

It's probably easier to get started in Radio now than ever before because the Radio Repair business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television and Electronics become available to the public! Send for free books now!

Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do for You

Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my 64-page book. Read the details about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. See how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just **MAIL COUPON NOW** in an envelope or paste it on a penny postal. **J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6N2I, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

My Course Includes Training In
TELEVISION-ELECTRONICS
Frequency Modulation

You build this MEASURING INSTRUMENT

yourself early in the course—use it for practical Radio work on neighborhood Radios to pick up **EXTRA** spare time money!



You build this SUPERMETRODYNE CIRCUIT

that brings in local and distant stations. You get practical experience putting this set through fascinating tests

BE A SUCCESS in RADIO
I Will Train You at Home

Sample Lesson FREE



Great Hits on Receiver Servicing, Locating Defects, Repair of Loudspeakers, I.F. Transformer, Gang Tuners, Condensers, etc., 21 illustrations. Study it—keep it—use it—without obligation! Mail Coupon NOW for your copy!



GET BOTH 64 PAGE BOOK FREE SAMPLE LESSON

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6N2I

National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Send me **FREE**, without obligation, Sample Lesson and 64 page book about how to win success in Radio and Television—Electronics. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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